

THE SANDMU TOPIAN

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GUARDIAN

A Journal of BDSM Realities

**De Truth About de Sade ...
Monster? Myth? or Man.**

**Confessions
of a Dominatrix**

**Scene Music by
Sonic Outlaws**

**Paddles and
Taws and
Straps, Oh my!**

**A Whip-Practice
Device**

**A Gallery of
Spanking
Benches**

**Laura Antoniou
Plagiarized!**

de SADE



Donatien Alphonse Francois
le Marquis de Sade
June 2, 1740 - December 2, 1814



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OUR 10TH YEAR

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Letters to THE GUARDIAN Our Readers' Forum

Send comments, queries or criticisms to: Editor, c/o The Utopian Network,
PO Box 1146, New York, NY 10156 or FAX: (516) 842-7518 or e-mail: siradam@ix.netcom.com.
Include name and address please, which will be held confidential.

Dear TruDeviant:

I read and enjoyed your articles in #26&27 on new ideas for scene music.

I have been thinking of using the Shostakovich 5th Symphony (one of my wife/sub's favorite pieces, possibly with the scherzo programmed out, for a scene. I am not sure if it would work. Activities would have to be rather carefully matched to the music. If I do decide to do it, I will let you know how things work out. Thanks for a wonderful article.

*BK
via email*

TruDeviant replied:

I'm pleased that you liked the articles. I will continue to write about music for *The Guardian* and will continue to list music that I find useful in the BDSM context. And having a deadline for a new list every three months will allow me time to test out new music. It's a hell of a job, but somebody's gotta do it! (Besides, it is the only time I get to be the conductor these days!!)

Since I assume you have a primarily orchestra/classical oriented interest in music, I would suggest you try "The Sombient Trilogy - A Storm of Drones" and the Jon Hassel selections first. They are complex enough for deep listening and yet can be perfect during playtime. Also, "Stalker" and "Cold Summer" should catch your interest. Stalker was first recommended to me by a composer in Canada that I met online.

Anyhow, keep enjoying music and sound in every way you can!

Dear Editor:

I am writing in response to the letter from *BN* in Phoenix in Issue #26.

I would like to invite anyone with a similar interest in the erotic fascination of the image of the female crucifix to correspond and share their thoughts and ideas. Although this may be a controversial subject, due to its blending of erotic, religious and sadistic imagery, there may be other who think that they are alone in fantasizing these kinds of thoughts, as *BN* does.

*Carl S.
California*

Dear Guardian(s):

I purchased a chastity belt a few years ago and subsequently discovered a security flaw. No matter how tightly the belt is fastened on, the submissive can remove it in less than five seconds by simply reaching back and undoing one of the adjustable waist belts. So I took it to a local leather repair dealer who sewed and cleaned it and removed the snaps to make it more permanent. I'm wearing it as I write. Thought I would pass along that tip.

One other thing: I always seem to get BDSM fantasies when at the dentist! -- hygienist in tight latex, head to foot who straps you tightly into the chair, blindfolds you and then whispers in a thick accent, "and now for ze pain!" Come on: am I the only one who has fantasies like that?! *The Dutchmyn*

Dear Readers:

A very simple way of adding an excellent grip to a plain rattan cane is to use Heat-shrink electronic tubing. Slip a suitable length over the end and heat it gently over a gas burner. I find that two thicknesses suffice.

*Nigel
NYC*

Dear Folks:

Having a recent interest in playing with nettles, it was quite a revelation when my sub recalled being "spanked" with them occasionally while growing up in the U.K., by an Auntie who obviously knew her discipline. With an increased determination I set out to find out all I could about *Urtica* but found a real lack of reliable information concerning the use of it in scene play plus the handling and cultivation of this remarkable plant.

Then a friend recalled seeing an article in *The Guardian* dealing with these specifics but didn't have it or remember which issue it appeared in.

After sending an email query to you fine folks, I received a speedy reply telling me what I needed was covered in Issue #9 dating from 1991 and that it was available. Having already decided I needed a subscription to your excellent journal, a pleasant phone conversation resulted in that particular issue being in my hands two days later along with #18 thru 28. Great stuff !!! I'll be occupied for months (or years) delighting my sub and play partners with the 'real' information and ideas presented in this wonderful pub.

The article I originally needed, "Nettles: Adventures in Organic SM" by Conrad Hodson, really is a definitive work on the use, play, safety, and growing of this most interesting stinging plant. With Spring upon us, a whole new method of helping achieve sub space is out there for the plucking!

*David R
VA*

Message from The Publishers

In marking the Birthday of the Marquis de Sade we chose to focus on his life rather than his writings for a reason. The "Patron Saint of S/M" was incarcerated for nearly 30 years, because the legal process which condemned him existed to serve the objectives of the State; not to secure justice for individuals. Sade was confined initially so his in-laws could steal his land, but he was kept locked up because review of his case would have been unpopular, unprofitable, inconvenient, and potentially embarrassing to the "powers that be."

Of course this happened long ago. Our "American Way," which bases "Justice" on "Truth," which is determined by "Due Process" guaranteeing the "Rights of the Accused," makes such things impossible, or at least uncommon, today. Right? And if it were otherwise, people would protest. Right?

Not in the BDSM/Leather/Fetish communities. It is fortunate that our organizations have as little real power as they do. Because taking the "Scanlon Case," and "Houghton is a Scam," movement as recent examples, our little counter-culture's Leadership Cadres judge and condemn whom they please, with a cavalier abandon not known since Napoleon Bonaparte decided that no trial or hearing was needed to put Sade away for the rest of his life. What is worse is that they can do so with a nearly absolute assurance that "the community" will not notice ... or not care — and certainly never hold them accountable at election time.

If we aspire to be "A Community" in any meaningful sense, if our leaders are to enjoy any respect or influence outside their local and personal cliques, we're going to need to be more concerned when new "Villainous Marquises" are created by modern Bonapartes.

We expect that there are readers all over the country that have their own examples to add. In fact, if you do, and can document it, we would like to hear about it. Send us the information and we will follow up. Of course, we keep our sources confidential.

Gerrie and Mitch

Survey sez ... continued

Dear Gerrie & Mitch:

In answer to your survey, here's how I think *The Guardian* can be better: It doesn't have "how to whip" articles. I would like to see a feature on different strokes that can be used using the various whips you make. (Ed. note: You're right. We have not had a Flagellation article since Issue #5! Watch for one by "Adam Selene" later this year.)

I want it to have ... **less history and more on current relationships.**

I enjoy the "how-to" articles. They are well-written and very useful. I want to see more on **techniques** like tickling, abrasion and other types of play that can be done in the bedroom instead of a dungeon.

I would also like some how-to articles on submissives **giving their master/mistress service.** As a part-time submissive, I enjoy giving massages, pedicures and baths but it is difficult finding new ideas on how to serve.

I would also like to see more on **bondage.** I pick up some things on the internet but they are not well written nor do they explain any dangers like the articles in *The Guardian*. (See issues #2, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 24, 26 and ?)

By the way, I love your **shopper's guide.** (*S/Mart Shopper*, pg 32). One of my most useful toys is the Snake Light™ which I bought after reading about it. (Issue #19)

Thank you for asking what I think. When you first took over *The Guardian*, I didn't like it much. But after picking up a few issues thru QSM, I am enjoying what you are doing. Sign me up for a year. Thanks.

*John B.
Philadelphia*

It doesn't have enough about piercing and jewelry of sex organs, also needs more spanking and paddling (not whips), and more anal probes, plugs, etc. I want it to have more product evaluation.

I think it needs better photos, sharper, less grainy -- show more details.

*R.P.
Michigan*

De Truth about de Sade

by Mitch Kessler

Why bother with de Sade? He died a couple of centuries ago, right? Besides, his writing is mostly trite and boring except when it violates Safe Sane and Consensual standards.

Why? Because we're stuck with him! In his landmark tome, *Psychopathia Sexualis*, police doctor Richard von Kraft-Ebbing, in the late 19th century, chose to equate the Count Donatien Alphonse François deSade's personal "libertinism" and his literary excesses with criminal atrocities. As a result, the terms, *Sadist* and *SadoMasochist*, can be applied equally well to psychotic criminals, abusive parents, and ... well ... you and me — people who eroticize consensual power exchange, or take pleasure in strong sensations.

"Not much of a problem," you would think, until you find yourself trying to explain yourself and your feelings to a psychologist, parent, peer, police officer ... or sex partner. Likely as not, these people never hear what you have to say, once they have identified "The Villainous Marquis" as your Patron Saint.

In addition, anti-feminist sentiments have been detected in Sade's work in the past quarter-century and, worse yet, these sentiments persist in the work of otherwise laudable authors such as Guy de Maupassant, Alexander Dumas, indeed most French and English writers a century before and after Sade's death. This too is blamed on the Malign Marquis, and forms one of the most cogent arguments against the legitimacy of consensual sadomasochist sexuality.

There is an alternative version of Sade as a cultural icon, sporadically embraced by Impressionists, New Leftists and anti-censorship scholars. Their focus shows Sade to be, among other things: an early Libertarian philosopher and "small R" republican, a pioneer of the Novel, and Martyr of Intellectual (or Sexual) Freedom. Stress is laid on his misadventures in the Revolutionary period and the Reign of Terror.

In his capacity as Citizen Sade, Revolutionary, the former Marquis is instrumental in rallying the people to storm the Bastille, is rewarded with a seat on the Revolutionary



Tribunal, but is discharged and imprisoned for showing *too much mercy*! Imprisoned for his politics and his pornography, Sade is confined at Charenton Insane Asylum for the rest of his life and dies in 1814. In accordance with his Last Will and Testament, Sade was given a vampire's funeral and oak trees were planted over his unmarked grave.

Among S/M people this view lays a foundation for a third construction of "The Divine Marquis." This incarnation adds Archetypal Dominant, and Subjugator of Women, to de Sade's avatars of Romantic Rebel, Philosopher and Martyr.

Most of what has been written about Sade and his work reveals more about the authors than about Sade. Each legend has some facts to support it; and each contains glaring errors and omissions. You almost get the feeling that Sade's role notoriety gave two centuries of academics the permission they needed to read some dirty books, and write dissertations which would not be subjected to overly critical peer review ... so long as they refrained from expressing actual approval of the man himself — or a personal interest in the same kind of pleasures.

What was there about this man that so beclouds the judgement of otherwise honest, and even kindly-disposed

historians? If the subject of their attentions were anyone else, their accounts would be unconvincing to a reasonably fair-minded police detective, or moderately skeptical twelve-year-old child.

Here is a simple example of the process:

Nearly every Sade biographer dutifully relates the tale of the four-year-old Sade's banishment from the Palace de Condé. The story goes that young Donatien was born at the Palace, his father, Jean Baptiste Francois, the Count de Sade, being on diplomatic assignment in Germany. Quite naturally, young Sade became the playmate of his Cousin, the Prince de Condé, Louis-Joseph de Bourbon. One day a scuffle broke out between the two children and the four-year-old attacked and beat his eight-year-old cousin so savagely that for safety's sake, the younger child had to be sent away immediately! Sade himself liked the story and repeated it in his memoirs, remembering what a "good drubbing" he gave his cousin. The tale presents credibility problems only to those who have observed the relative size and physical abilities of children at the ages of four and eight years. Or was it that the two young noblemen were discovered engaging in some kind of sex play/exploration. When this explanation is offered, Sade is identified as the instigator and the aggressor. Even at the age of four, young Sade had been chosen as a scapegoat for the behavior of others.

It appears equally likely that his Mother preferred to join her husband in Germany rather than raise princelings and arranged for little Donatien to live with his grandmother. There, he would be cared for by her own mother and sisters, and have both cousins and other children as playmates. After a year, Grandma de Sade, is said to have "tired" either of the boy's rambunctious ways or of the ongoing responsibility for the child, and sent him off to be cared for by her brother, l'abbé de Sade.

The World in Turmoil and Change

In any event by 1744, France was beginning to need scapegoats. Following a series of economic and military disasters the French Crown was on the verge of bankruptcy, and the Nobility was thought to be on the verge of Revolution. In addition, a profound philosophical transformation was occurring, a general secularization called "The Enlightenment." Science was replacing Theology as the principle means of understanding the world. Philosophy was replacing Liturgy as a means of expressing it. A romanticized "Nature" was occupying the mythic place formerly occupied by The



... young Sade became
the playmate of his
Cousin,
the Prince
de Condé

Virgin, and "Reason" the place of the Holy Spirit. The Diety was coming to be understood as a kind of Celestial Clockmaker who set the gears of the Universe in motion and then retreated to observe the result. The Devil became a comic opera character in red tights, or a darkly handsome nobleman in an opera cape. Sade, the savage four year old, would grow up to be one of these aristocratic caped devils.

Worse, through his writings he would acquire a reputation as a heretic. In his own time his rebellion offended the Christian Faith. A century later his writings would challenge Naturalist philosophy and sentiments.

As Sade grew to adolescence, the rules of aristocratic behavior were changing. Young Donatien failed to learn that the unbridled license of the previous Court of Louis XIV was being brought under control, or at least driven into hiding. Throughout his life Sade would be "hypocrisy-challenged." He seemed constitutionally unable to cloak his own behavior in culturally required "discretion," nor was he inclined to leave others the comfort of their denials.

Without a doubt, he was a libertine. He craved sex. In his later years he wrote about sex. He paid for the pleasure of spanking and being spanked and he enjoyed both ends of the birch broom and the flogger. At the time, that made him eccentric and somewhat comical. However, he also especially craved anal sex; and was possibly bisexual — which made him a criminal Sodomite!

In a world that granted women no rights and few protections, he was branded an "enemy of women." Yet, he attracted women who gave him lifelong devotion. In addition, he may have been the first European writer to show an understanding of masturbation and the clitoris in women's sexuality, or to acknowledge actively sensual and erotic feelings in women. (Casanova's *Autobiography* was published a few years after Sade's *120 Days of Sodom*.) His fault was not so much that he did or desired what others did not; it was that he failed to conceal it.

At the age of fourteen, Donatien Alphonse Francois de Sade began a mildly promising military career as a cavalry officer. In an earlier time he might have become an adequate soldier, for an aristocrat. Still small and slender, he was dis-

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de Sade

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tinguished for "reckless courage" in combat. Although he once extricated his troops from a disaster which routed the units all around him, he was singled out as being "scatter-brained," and, "inflammable where women are concerned." On at least one occasion he took it upon himself to pardon a deserter which made him unpopular with his superiors. When the Seven Years War ended, Sade had risen to the rank of captain.

But so had many others. Between 1759 and 1762 young Sade spent as much time as possible in Paris trying to advance his career, with little success. There were many young officers equally brave, enterprising, and battle-tested who were better liked, better connected and better able to pay the rising fees and bribes required for promotion. Sade also spent a large portion of his time cavorting with prostitutes in the afternoon, and attempting to cut a dashing figure in society at Court. This left little time for career-building.

Time to Settle Down

Back home at La Coste, all was not well. His mother Gabrielle-Eleonore, Countess de Sade had retired to a Convent for reasons never adequately explained. The Count's health was failing, and unknown to anyone, he was deeply in debt. He recalled his son to his dynastic duty to oversee the family holdings, marry and provide heirs. The ensuing events combined elements of French Farce and Soap Opera.



In the Spring of 1763, the 23-year-old Marquis became engaged to Lauré-Victoire de Lauris of Provence, seemingly a decent enough match. Letters from that period show that the 22-year-old gentlewoman was perhaps the, "greatest and most genuine passion," of Sade's early life, despite the fact that the

The Montreuil's were ... satisfied with young Sade as a son-in-law, though he expressed some misgivings about ... his mother-in-law.

young man was simultaneously supporting a number of ballet girls and actresses.

(One of these, a Mlle. Beauvoisin deserves a special mention. This was a fairly long-lasting involvement. The young woman had previously been under the protection of an older, more powerful nobleman before Sade displaced him. English biographers report that like the other entertainers in Sade's life, Beauvoisin was supported by him. However the 1972 Gilbert Lély edition of *Oeuvres Complètes* states that Beauvoisin, "was different ... in that *she gave Sade money*" — a sum equal to his father's annual income. It was recorded as "a loan," but borrowing and failing to repay was an aristocratic trait and the Sades had it in abundance.

It may be that the de Lauris family's inability to pay for a highly titled son-in-law disappointed the Count, who then turned his attention to the House of Montreuil which had two eligible daughters and a very satisfactory income. *M le président* de Montreuil was essentially a Tax Assessor. He and his wife, *Mme la presidente* had done extremely well in the speculations that had devastated most of the older aristocratic houses.

The match was ideal. Not only did each family gain what it lacked — land and titles on one side and ready cash on the other — young Sade would be able to live with his wife in Normandy and Paris where he could continue his frolics with hired companions while maintaining Laure-Victoire as his mistress. (Apparently such arrangements were fairly common and acceptable so long as they were maintained discreetly.)

Arrangements proceeded smoothly. The Montreuil's were perfectly satisfied with young Sade as a son-in-law, though he expressed some misgivings about the strong-minded *presidente* de Montreuil as his mother-in-law. He was very much taken with the lively and child-like younger daughter, Anne-Prospère but Papa de Sade preferred the tall, stately and rather plain, older sister, Renée-Pelagie. It was Papa's opinion that

continued

de Sade

continued

counted and the pair were married. The Count lived to see the birth a grandson in 1868, and died soon after. Within five years the pair had produced two sons and a daughter to ensure the continuation of the House of de Sade.

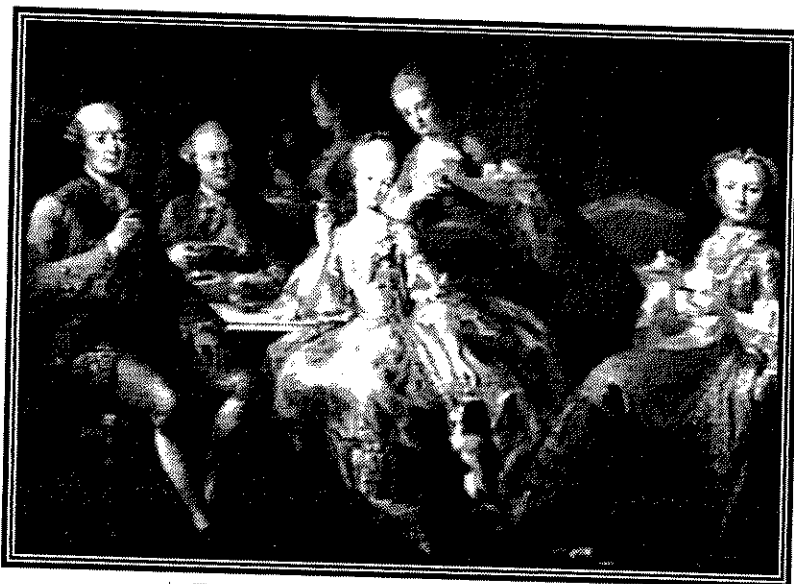
Until his death, it was the Count de Sade and not his son the Marquis who was the writer in the family. Plays were his favorite medium. His brother, the abbé, was more a scholar and correspondent, exchanging letters with literary men such as his life-long friend Voltaire. While most historians like to assume that the theatrical presentations young Sade mounted at La Coste between 1865 and 1868, both his own work and pornographic, there is little to suggest that this is true. Indeed the fact that de Sade senior was living in the house, and that mother-in-law de Montreuil is known to have taken part in the productions, suggest that it was the rather unexceptional and quite proper verse dramas and Bourgeois Comedies written by the elder de Sade that were performed.

Plays produced in 1771-1772, both at La Coste and at Mazan, the estate where Sade's uncle, the abbé, lived had the benefit of seven actors, five actresses and a musician from Marseilles (generally assumed to have been hired for sexual as well as theatrical entertainment, but without evidence). Only one play in the repertory was Sade's own, *The Marriage of the Century*, an innocent bit of self-aggrandizement in which both he and Renée-Pelagie performed.

Family Discord

But, Mme de Montreuil was becoming outspokenly critical of her son-in-law in correspondence both with the de Sade family lawyer and with uncle l'abbé. By this time, the young man had been arrested three times: twice for sexual scandals and once for debts. He had seduced his sister-in-law, Anne-Prospere, perhaps with his wife's help, most likely with her tacit approval, certainly with her knowledge. He was spending money quite freely. Madame the Mother-In-Law was most vocal in her objections to the *last* of these offenses.

M de Montreuil and *M le Comte de Sade* had not been entirely open with each other during the marriage negotiations. What had started as a cash-flow problem in the 1720's had brought the house of Sade to the brink of bankruptcy by the 1760's. At the time of his son's marriage the senior Sade's personal debts consumed at least one-third of the dowry, which was equal to more than twenty-years' income from the Sade's revenues. Upkeep of the four family properties made



A Sade-Montreuil Family Portrait

further inroads on the Montreuil fortune. Combined with a free-spending son-in-law this was more, or rather, much less, than the Montreuils had bargained for.

For his part, there were some things the newly married Marquis would have been better off knowing too. His father-in-law the Tax Assessor, had a powerful enemy in Chancellor Maupeau of the high court of Paris. It was he who would be most responsible for spreading the story of Sade's 1768 arrest in the "Rose Keller Affair." This scandal cast the Marquis de Sade in the role of a diabolical ogre in the tradition of Gilles De Rais. The police Inspector for Public Morals, Louis Marais had begun to take an interest in the Sades as early as 1760. In early 1762 M L'abbe was arrested for enjoying two prostitutes at once. Although Marais later claimed to have extensive information about young Sade's goings, comings and spankings, he took no action against the young man until *after* his marriage to Mlle de Montreuil beyond warning brothel keepers of his "excesses."

In addition, Sade's father-in-law's prosperity may have been based on less-than-honest business practices. Specifically, he may have been involved in "forging *assignats*," what we might call "counterfeiting paper money." He would be charged with the crime during the revolution, and it would be his disgraced and disgraceful son-in-law who would risk his own life to prevent the case from coming to trial.

Still, Sade's greatest enemy and the architect of his downfall was his mother-in-law. She had three possible motives:

The first and most compelling was simple greed. She had paid far more for the Sade estates and family name than they were actually worth. Her son-in-law was no bargain either. Not only did he involve the family name in his Parisian sex scandals, he subverted her influence with both her daughters.

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The elder defied and obstructed her mother's attempts to bring the combined Sade-Montreuil dynasty under her personal control while the younger daughter became her brother-in-law's mistress and even eloped with him to Italy. Essentially *bourgeois*, Madame may have been emotionally wounded by her children's disobedience and morally outraged beyond all measure by her son-in-law's incest. If she was not, she still had cause to wish him out of the way simply because he was a continuing major expense for the family, and once he had sired "an heir and a spare," he was no longer needed for any purpose Madame considered important. Whatever her motives, she would in fact eventually gain complete control of the de Sade lands and incomes.

Sade's "Scandales"

Between 1763 and 1772 Sade would be tried three times as a sex criminal. In each case he would be convicted and *in each case the verdict would be reversed* because the evidence would not support the charge, even under the generous rules of evidence the authorities of the *ancienne regime* enjoyed.

The first charge in 1763 was trivial, even by the standards of the day. Jeanne Testard, identified as both a fan-maker and prostitute, was engaged through a procurer to service a man whom police identified as Sade. Her story was, in essence, that Sade solicited sodomy, which she refused. He then committed outrages on crucifixes and holy pictures and demanded she do the same, which she also refused to do. He suggested more normal sex. This she declined on grounds of menstrual flow, after which they spent the rest of the night reading impious and obscene poems!

Incidentally, a search of Sade's *petite maison*, conducted by L'Abbé Amblet, revealed none of the sacrilegious objects and documents which adorned Mlle Testard's account!

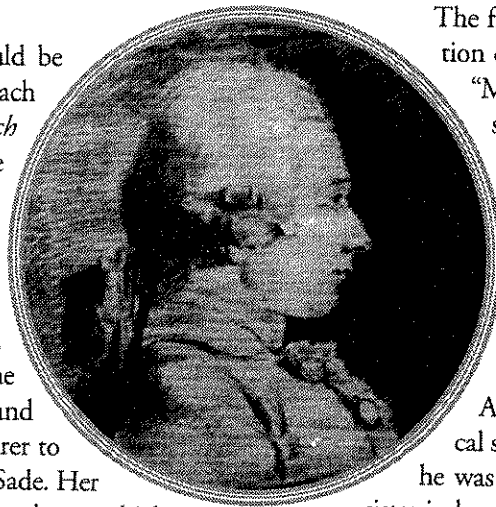
Sade was imprisoned for two weeks.

The second scandal was more elaborate but contained similar themes. On Easter Sunday, an unemployed cotton spinner named Rose Keller was begging near Sade's Parisian apartment, having first been to Mass, or so she said. First he invited her to an orgy. She refused. Then he offered her work as a chambermaid, which she accepted. Arriving at his establishment demands for sodomy and sacrilege accompanied by threats of death and dismemberment met earnest resistance,

at last overcome by force. The woman claimed to have been bound, beaten, cut with knife, burned with sealing wax. There was, however, no sodomy. Left alone and allowed to dress, she made her escape by a second-floor window. As proof she showed the police a scrap of paper with Sade's signature on it. When examined, she showed no rope marks, cuts, burns or welts. This she attributed to an ointment that healed her instantly when Sade rubbed it on her wounds!

The story was widely and immediately circulated. Within the week, the flogging (which probably *had* occurred) had reached Horace Walpole in England, as a story of murder. Within the year, Count Mirabeau would have heard a story of murder and dissection of several girls, committed by the Marquis de Sade!

Sade served 7 months and was released on condition that he remain at La Coste until further notice.



The final blow to Sade's reputation and situation came in June four years later. This is the "Marseilles Scandal" in which Sade was said to have added recreational poisoning to blasphemy, sodomy and *libertinage*.

In the years before the next scandal he travelled in Holland and England, financed in part by the sale of a book, "written with the pen of Aretino." Many texts blithely assume this to have been a work of pornography, although Aretino's reputation was for biting political satire. On his return to La Coste in 1770 he was accompanied by both his wife *and* his sister in law. It is generally assumed that his incestuous affair began at that time. However M and Mme de Sade were clearly on speaking terms, as a daughter was born in April of 1771.

The next year, chroniclers report, Sade travelled to Marseilles, "on the pretext of cashing a note for credit, accompanied by his valet, Latour." A careful reading of the events that follow reveal that he was also accompanied by *both* his wife and sister-in-law. On the evening of June 25, the group was entertained by a company of actors at the *Hôtel des Treize Cantons*. On the morning of June 27, Sade is supposed to have organized a two-day orgy with himself, Latour, and four hired women, two of whom claimed to have been seized by violent nausea during or after the sodomy, blasphemy, flagellation (this time with brooms) and fornication had been completed.

In the days which followed, Sade fled to Turin in Savoy accompanied by his sister-in-law. His wife remained in Marseilles to deal with the crisis. Her attempt to bribe the

continued

de Sade - de End

continued from page 10

witnesses failed and Sade and Latour were condemned to be burned at the stake. Both the trial and subsequent execution were held "in absentia." Eventually, Mme de Sade succeeded in having the case reopened. It was discovered that the trial was conducted illegally, by a court without jurisdiction, and that examination of the "poisoned" candies and the stomach contents of the sick girls (who had since completely recovered) showed nothing more sinister than sugar and licorice.

Thereafter, Madame la presidente, opposed by her two daughters and assisted by the family lawyer, and the implacable Police Inspector Marias, strove to apprehend and imprison Sade. There are captures, escapes, recaptures, flights by night, and all the trappings of a rousing Dumas romance. In the end, Sade is finally caught and imprisoned for eleven years ... not for the alleged poisoning at Marseilles — but under the authority of a *Lettre de Cachet*, obtained by Mme de Montreuil, during the Rose Keller affair.

It is not until 1785 that Prisoner Sade began writing explicitly pornographic novels, although his crudely encoded letters to his wife deal explicitly with his feelings of sexual frustration and describe his masturbatory practices.

The Mythical Marquis is supposed to have been sentenced to death during the Reign of Terror for treasonous "moderation," in his capacity as an arraignment court judge on the suspicion that he *did not* exercise the proper murderous zeal in pursuing his duties. It is unlikely that anyone suspected that he had helped his father-in-law to escape the court's clutches.

However, Sade did find himself in the shadow of the *guillotine* as a result of the actual behavior of his two sons. The boys were, in fact, *émigrés*. They had fled France secretly, and probably were working for the Bourbon Restoration. Sade and his children would spend their lives in mutual detestation.

In 1801, in the first years of not-yet-Emperor Napoleon's rule, Sade was arrested again. No authority has committed to an opinion as to the actual charge or sentence. The authority for his confinement does seem to derive, at least bureaucratically, from Napoleon himself. The charge may have been writing and publishing illustrated editions of the novels *Juliette* and *La Nouvelle Justine*, which were, apparently not protected under the "Freedom of the Press" of the French Constitution of 1789. Significantly, Sade was arrested in the office of his publisher, a M Masse, who was released a few days later. Sade was to spend the remaining thirteen years of

his life in confinement in Charenton Asylum. It is difficult to explain the unwillingness of the authorities to entertain a re-examination of his case, without supposing behind-the-scenes influences persuaded the powers-that-were. If that is the case, Madame la presidente de Montreuil seems to be the most likely *eminence gris*. In any event, while she provided generously for the uncle, M l'abbé, and the family lawyer Gaspard Gaufridy, the bills for Sade's care and comfort at Charenton went unpaid.

Much of this criticism falls into the trap of equating the Art and the Artist. Sade wrote THIS so he must have felt and done THIS too! Literary Scholars who know very well that not every novel is a *roman à clef* when they examine other authors, seem to forget this principle when they comment on Sade. Imagine a psychological analysis of Stephen King, based wholly on his published writings!

... he appears
to have been
both a bisexual
and switchable!

What did Sade do that brought him so much persecution during his life and so much vilification after his death? He wasn't the only nobleman in the time of Louis XVI who consorted with prostitutes and wasted money. Nor was his pre-marital love affair with a *bourgeois* that unusual or contemptable. After all, he didn't *marry* the woman. Nor was he unique in his use of aphrodesiacs which formed the basis of the poisoning charge against him. Nor was he alone in his attraction to sexual flogging — it was a standard offering at most good brothels of the time. In fact, the "crimes" of which he was accused were, if contemporary sources are to be believed, relatively normal behavior at Court, and not unheard of in the provinces. What seems to be atypical and perverse about de Sade, is that he does not batter and bugger his own peasants when the mood takes him, but negotiates consensual activity with professionals and pays the price asked without cheating — and that he appears to have been both a bisexual and switchable!

By contemporary accounts, men found Donatien at least a reasonably likable fellow; women adored him. As a child his female relations doted on him. As a young man he was handsome, charming, and sexually successful. His wife was loyal through his imprisonments and at the last, in Charenton, he had the devoted attention of Marie Constance and the young Madeleine Leclerc. ♦

If you wish to examine the historical record, finding contradictions within every chapter, these are some of the more accessible and less muddle-brained texts:

The Life of the Marquis de Sade, by Gilbert Lély (1996)

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ble to summarize what they sound like. On a CD like "Stolen and Contaminated Songs," each track sounds as if it could be by different artists. Sometimes, there are vocals, sometimes acoustic instruments, often electronic sounds, sounds recorded from the environment, cut up film dialogs. Whatever sound sources they use, they make them work together in remarkably powerful combinations. Their music can be bowel-churning, cause bad dreams, or it can be lush and vivid, conjuring sound colors in your head.

Besides *Coil*, they've released music under the following names: *The Eskaton*, *ELpH*, *Black Light District*, *Wormsine*, *Rosa Mundi*, *Trial By Music*, *2012*, *Lifestyle*, and *Time Machines*.

Whether or not you are interested in the radical and extreme viewpoints of *Coil* members, their quirky, spiteful, no limits approach to reality is the fuel for some amazing sound creations. You can access a batch of fascinating interviews with *Coil* and a complete discography at their web site, the Solar Lodge: www.brainwashed.com/coil. Don't forget to look for the section on SM, spices, and mind alteration which includes a description of the ancient Aztec practice of punishing an adulterer by pulling 17 types of chili peppers through a hole made in the tongue and then inserting them into the anus!

Coil is outspoken about political issues, especially what they consider to be infringements of their rights. Regarding the *Spanner* ruling (see Issue #25), *Coil* says that,

the important aspect of it that hasn't really been considered is that there is now a distinction in law between having a sexual motive for consensual assault, which is hurting someone else with their permission, and any other kind of motive. For example, if you go to the dentist or a plastic surgeon obviously

you are accepting pain on a consensual basis, but it's not illegal. But the implication and what you can extrapolate from that is that your state of mind or your thought or your attitude towards a certain action is what is illegal rather than the action itself. So now we have thought crimes!

Galas

Diamanda Galas cannot be fully appreciated unless you see her perform live. The word "riveting" doesn't come even close to describing the effect she has on an audience. I know, I've seen her many times over the last twelve years. I'm never disappointed. Buying a ticket to see her is submitting to an act of consensual assault!

As a child *Galas* played the piano for her father's New Orleans' style band and for a black gospel choir. Being a female in a Greek Orthodox environment, she wasn't allowed to sing. She studied classical piano and at age 14 was playing Beethoven, Chopin, and Brahms with The Symphony Orchestra of San Diego.

A few years later, she left home and went to the University of San Diego to study immunology. For a while she worked the streets as a prostitute and actually began her singing career in mental hospitals and asylums, her audience consisting of the patients there.

She continued playing piano and started to sing in clubs with some *avant garde* jazz musicians where she learned to improvise in a kind of Ornette Coleman mode. She also did covers of pop songs in hotel lounges. Around this time she started taking psychedelics and doing mind-expanding experiments often involving intense pain. Concurrently, she would lock herself in a soundproofed room and spend hours vocalizing.

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The SandMUTopian Guardian #29

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Galas, the Sonic Outlaw



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Her first recording of "The Litanies of Satan" and some of her performances caught the attention two European composers, Vinko Globokar and Iannis Xenakis, who she did performances with in the early 80's. She extended the power and control of her voice further by studying *bel canto*, an operatic style of singing originating in 18th century Italy that emphasizes brilliance and the forceful projection of sound.

Her knowledge of immunology and a sensitivity to the horrors of the emerging AIDS crisis led her to become a AIDS activist and spokesperson. She began working on the idea of a **Plague Mass** that would express the isolation and terror of those fighting the virus. This was intensified by the shock of finding that her brother was dying and then shortly afterwards, did die of AIDS in 1986.

Almost all of her subsequent recordings, as varied as they are, express her disdain of the over culture's ignorance, bigotry, and self-righteousness, embodying with her voice, the mental states associated with imprisonment, extreme isolation, schizophrenia, and AIDS dementia. She is also continuing in the tradition of Greek (Maniot) women who lament the dead. These laments consist of sharp cries, verbal descriptions of the causes of death, and a call for death to be avenged, all recurring themes in *Galas'* work.

This short biography suggests some of the factors that contribute to an utterly original musical "voice." But regardless of her motivations, in purely musical terms, she has extended the possibilities of the human voice.

And she is one hell of a pianist! She plays the piano, easily moving

from jazz, blues, gospel, to classical styles marked with her own demonic intensity. Her voice spans three and a half octaves and moves from lyric operatic glissandos into an unnerving vocabulary of incomprehensible techniques so arresting that recordings just don't quite capture what happens in a live situation. The tormented psychological states she impels at an audience are fully externalized with a conviction and discipline that force the listener into wonderment.

Galas is quite well represented on the web. The best page for links is: www.geocities.com/SoHo/7773/Diamandalinks.html. There are some rather inspirational photographs of *Galas* among the interviews and reviews.

My suggestion with both of these artists is to let yourself adjust to their musical vocabularies. They are an acquired taste. As SMers we all should be aware of the fact that the most beautiful things can come from the most unlikely places, places that at times initially are unpleasant, shocking, and perceived by most people to be beyond their range of possible experience.

There are innumerable popular artists who use shock tactics and outrage as a vehicle for fame and as a distraction from their lack of ability. *Coil* and *Galas*, while slowly gaining notoriety over the years, have consistently stressed quality in their music above stardom and financial gain. They are polar explorers. And if you take the time to listen, you will find a depth and originality lacking in most music produced these days. ♦

(See other music articles by this author in Issues #27 & 28.)

Social Outlaws Playlist



**Recommended by
TruDeviant**

Coil recordings:

"*Love's Secret Domain*" - A recent recording by *Coil*. A densely rich serving of electronic mayhem. Deviously delicious! A good disk to start with.

"*Coil Vs. ELpH*" - *Coil* on the ambient side. Short, but of all the *Coil* I know, great for the playroom.

"*How To Destroy Angels*" - A CD of remixes of *Coil's* first EP. Using Aboriginal bullroarers, an instrument that makes sound by spinning it above your head, this is ritual music for the accumulation of male sexual energy.

"*Scatology*" - Basic idea of this CD is sound as base matter to be worshiped. Both senses of the word scatology are intended: the medical definition of an obsession with human shit and the older meaning of an obsession with animal lusts and base instincts. This set came about from experiments that took six or seven useless, disgusting, nonmusical noises and combined and refined them until layers of rhythm emerged, transformed into something else completely.

"*Horse Rotorvator*" - Sex and death with all the trimmings. And often amusing. Includes "The Anal Staircase," an alchemical exploration of the asshole!

"*The Unnatural History of Perversity Volumes 1-3*" - A collection of older *Coil* projects. Volume 2 is especially good. The unreleased themes for the film "*Hellraiser*" are included. The movie studio decided not to use the music because it was too scary and they thought it would overwhelm the visuals. There are many such compilations available now. *Coil* made much music that they couldn't afford to release at the time it was made.

Galas' recordings:

"*The Singer*" - Here *Galas* gives us just voice and piano. She reinvents several blues standards and some hymns (church was never like this, unfortunately). This is a good disk to start with.

"*Masque of the Red Death*" - featuring the trilogy *The Divine Punishment*, *Saint of the Pit*, and *You Must Be Certain of the Devil* - An epic version of the *Plague Mass*, written for her brother and those who have died of AIDS. The music is a dense dark layering of gospel, Greek traditional melodies, operatic angst, noisy electronics, her own brand of organ playing, and spoken voice. The texts are in French, Latin, Greek, and English, a mix of Baudelaire, the Old Testament, and her own vitriolic words. Amidst the shrieks and groans and accusations, some of *Galas'* most angelic singing appears on this recording.

"*Plague Mass*" - This is the final version of the *Plague Mass* with an additional fourth section. Recorded live at the cathedral of St. John the Divine. She performed stripped to the waist and covered in blood. When performed in Italy, she was denounced for blasphemy by the Catholic church and has not been allowed to perform there for many years.

"*The Sporting Life*" - One of *Diamanda's* recent recordings it is a collaboration with John Paul Jones, former bassist of Led Zeppelin. The result is blues rock on the edge of reason, tinged with an Arabic feel. On "*Tony*", she sings in an exaggerated imitation of Janis Joplin (to the power of 10) that chills you right to the bone! Still, there is a grim ironic humor that shows itself throughout this CD.

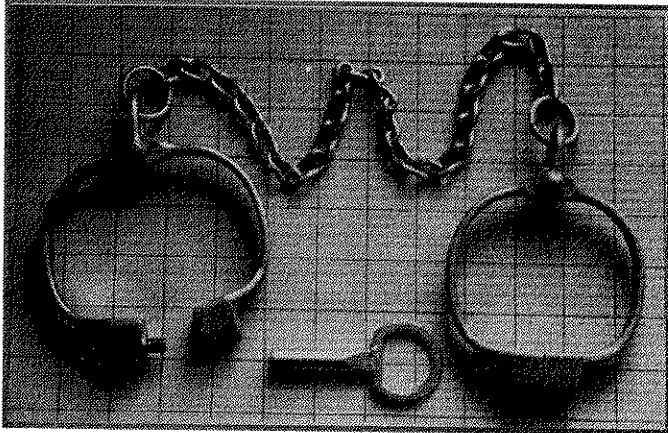
"*Schrei X*" - Her most recent recording and a difficult listening experience. She employs a special electronic set up with five microphones so she can process her voice many different ways simultaneously. This extends her own brand of sonic schizophrenia. At full volume, it's an ordeal you might want to escape from at first. The very last track is a haunting personification of a child delighting in a sadistic game. It will cut right through you. ❖

These recordings and others by the same artists, can be purchased at Other Music in Manhattan. 212 477-8150 (othermusic.com). *Coil* CDs can also be purchased at a reasonable price through Solielmoon Recordings in Portland, Oregon. 503 335-0706 (solielmoon.com)

(TruDeviant is fast becoming our resident music guru, putting his MFA in Electronic Music to good purpose.)

Manacles of the World

An overview of Shackles in History



by J.L. Gross

(excerpted with permission)

As others have pointed out before, shackles are mentioned at least as early as the Bible, and probably in still earlier manuscripts. In *Collectors Guide - Handcuffs & Restraints*, it is suggested that the earliest shackles might have even been made of wood. This is certainly true, and there are even Biblical references to a "yoke", which might possibly have been the earliest form of shackle.

Timujin, conqueror of the known world and later to become better known as Ghengis Khan, was in his early years kept as a prisoner of his rivals. It is documented that he was, during this imprisonment, compelled to wear a device around his neck alternatively referred to as a "millstone" and a "cangue." I was curious about this word but was unable to find it defined in an English dictionary. Finally, in a French dictionary, I found *cangue* defined: "*Cang, pillory (used in China)*"

Further research revealed that it might be inappropriate to define cangue as a pillory, at least in the way that Americans understand that term, because this device did not confine the wrists or arms. It was merely a weighty piece of wood, fastened around the prisoner's neck, and which prevented effective flight. In this regard it was not, in fact, unlike other devices employed in America in the

not-too-distant-past, such as the "Ball & Chain", the "Clog Shackle", and the "Oregon Boot." (Ed. note: The *cang* was seen in an episode of "Xena, Warrior Princess" when she was in China)

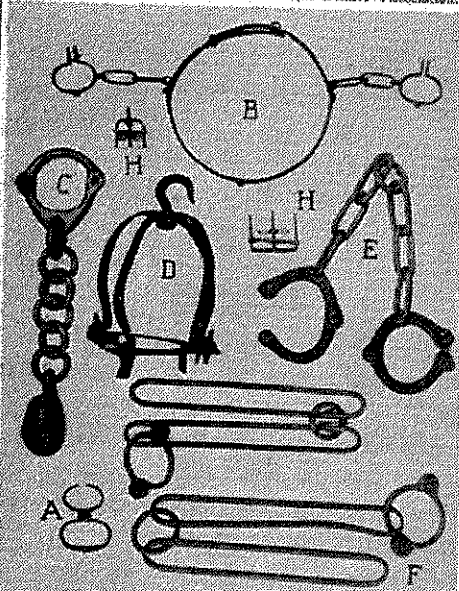
Generally speaking, no sophistication was needed in the fabrication of shackles in the days of cruel antiquity. Slaves of the ancients wore their shackles for life. When the Roman slaves arrived at the lead mines in Crete, if they weren't wearing them already, they had shackles riveted on by a blacksmith and wore them until they died.

Conversely, in the criminal law, shackles were not used at all. Criminals, in ancient times, and unless they were persons of nobility or otherwise of political significance were dealt with promptly and without ongoing expense. Penalties were death, mutilation (cutting off a hand, cutting off ears, branding, etc.) or corporal punishment (flogging). In that era there was no time, no facilities, and no inclinations to incarcerate the average criminal. To the extent that there were any facilities at all which could have been considered prisons, they were merely holding places for the very brief interval between arrest and execution of sentence. Imprisonment of criminals is, in fact, a relatively recent innovation.

Beginning in the Middle Ages the various European states found themselves in need of slave labor. This need began to manifest itself in the fleets of galleys, which were originally manned either by prisoners of war or by African slaves purchased specifically for that purpose. As the need for labor to row the growing galley fleets increased, some action had to be taken. It was at this point that the states began to put their criminals to use. Convicts who would ordinarily have been condemned, had their sentences commuted to galley service. Records exist of the King of France alternatively ordering his judges to provide either more or less convicts for the galleys. When the king needed less for galley service, presumably more went to the executioner. By the time the galleys became obsolete, society had become "civilized" enough to accept the idea of incarceration

... a prisoner could
avoid being shackled
by the payment of
a special fee

L. J. WICKES
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B. Medieval iron belt for attaching prisoners to stone wall, with wrist shackles.
C. XVIIIth cent. ball and chain with foot fastening leg shackle.
D. Handcuffs, forged up on Stone Mill Pass, near Taunton, from which swung the body of John Adams for wife murder c. 1750.
E. Pair leg irons, weighs 13½ lbs.
F. Pair leg irons, weighs 11½ lbs.
G. Late XVIIIth cent. Tipton snap-handcuff (recovered from Faversham, near Brighton).
H. Thumb screws.

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An advertisement from the magazine
"Connoisseur" circa 1937

instead of mutilation or a mandatory death penalty, and physical facilities on dry land were substituted for the galleys.

The first prisons in Britain seem to have been improvised out of the strongrooms in castles and manor houses. The official in charge of the prisoners was called a "gaoler," from which we get "jailer," and who frequently received his appointment as a gift of patronage. The gaolers' main sources of income were the fees which they were able to exact from their prisoners.

As the gaoler had to pay his own assistants, the majority of prisons were grossly under-staffed, and security was achieved by loading the prisoners with irons. This situation ultimately served to provide the gaolers with yet another form of income, and it became the practice that a prisoner could avoid being shackled by the payment of a special "fee".

So, in this economically conscious environment, what form might these medieval irons have taken? Labor was cheap, and locks very expensive. At this period in history there were no shackles with integral locks and padlocks were intricate, hand made and extremely expensive objects. The services of a blacksmith, however, were cheap. For this reason, irons which only required riveting were the norm from Biblical times through at least the early 19th century.

The English Bastille: A History of Newgate Gaol and Prison Conditions in Britain. 1188-1902, enumerates many instances of

continued on page 18

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History of Manacles

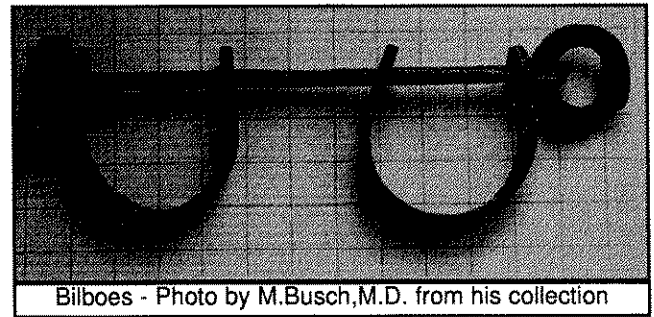
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the use of riveted shackles during the history of that institution. One account, dating from early in the 18th century, speaks of the anvil where prisoners had their irons "knocked off." And, as late as the early 19th century, mention is made of the admission of prisoners to Newgate, at which time they had irons "hammered on."

The prevalence of riveted shackles is corroborated in other works as well. In *Emigrants In Chains: 1607-1776*, an incident is described involving a prisoner, confined for debts in 1729, who could not or would not bribe his jailer. This unlucky chap, "*had irons put upon his legs, which were too little, so that in putting them on his legs were like to have been broken. He was dragged away into the dungeon, where he lay without a bed, and loaded with irons so close riveted that they kept him in continual torment and mortified his legs.*"

Aside from the criminal population at home, the other two primary uses for shackles in the 17th and 18th centuries were the

African slave trade and the transportation of convicts from England to America and Australia. In both such situations, economic considerations were paramount.



Bilboes - Photo by M. Busch, M.D. from his collection

The African slave trade utilized a very singular style of shackle, called bilboes. The singular term is "bilbo" but the plural is invariably used because these shackles were used in sets. This style of shackle has seldom been seen or used otherwise. The slave traders were faced with a very specific situation, in that they needed to confine large numbers of people, but people who could be arranged in orderly rows. And comfort of the prisoners did not warrant consideration. Bilboes are nothing more than a set of horseshoe-shaped irons. At the open end, however, are holes through which a rod can be passed, which rod closes the shackle. With the slaves arranged in a row, below decks, this enabled one long rod to be passed through numerous sets of bilboes and thereby hold the slaves in place throughout the voyage. The ends of this long rod would be fastened by the application of a padlock so that they could not be pulled back through the shackles. Slave ships were generally dedicated to this exclusive trade, and the below decks area was customized for this purpose. The bilboes, rods, and supporting brackets were all permanent fixtures of the ships.

Perhaps because British ships transporting convicts to America and Australia were not dedicated to that exclusive purpose, or because the volume of such convict transportations did not justify the customizing of an entire ship, or perhaps because some mercy was extended to convicts which was not made available to slaves, such convicts were spared the misery of confinement in bilboes throughout their journey. If shackled at all, the more traditional styles of hand and ankle cuffs seem to have been used.

As an aside, the reader might find it of interest to learn that many such convicts made their journeys in relative luxury. Numerous incidents are recorded of these involuntary passengers, who happened to have had the money available, bribing the ship's captain for various privileges. Some were even afforded private cabins. Others, failing to provide the requisite gratuities, undoubtedly passed their voyage shackled below decks.

The transportation of convicts was a major endeavor and it became necessary for the British government to make use of private enterprise, actually contracting with businessmen to pick up and deliver shiploads of convicts to their destination in the colonies. It is the accounts of certain of these entrepreneurs which shed some light on the use of shackles in convict transportations.

continued on pg 19

MANACLES OF THE WORLD

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Please include \$3.00 postage inside the U.S. or \$6.00 postage outside the U.S., for each copy ordered.

The author is a long time collector of antique and unusual shackles, and is always interested in hearing from people who have questions about their collections, or who have items for sale.

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For one thing, and if only to a small degree, the value of shackles, to be sold as scrap iron in America, played a part in negotiations between convict transporters and the British government. Records of one such entrepreneur, from 1684, reveal that such businessman was most distressed by the requirement of the British government that he supply one consignment of convicts with new clothing. While bemoaning this additional expense, he observed that part of such expenses could be recouped by selling the convicts shackles as scrap iron in America.

The very fact that mention is made of "scrap iron" shows, beyond any doubt, that in this era shackles consisted of nothing more than iron bands riveted in place. Locks, of course, were of great value in that era and would certainly never have been referred to as "scrap".

On this subject again, however, records of British government contractors prove to be very enlightening. In a transportation contract from the year 1716 it was specified that the British government was obligated, "to deliver with each felon one pair of iron handcuffs and one pair of feet irons". Further, the value of the shackles accompanying each convict was specified as 12 shillings. In 1716 the sum of 12 shillings was a lot of money. We can deduce, from these records, and at least with regard to some shipments of convicts, that riveted shackles had been supplanted by shackles with locks by this date. ♦

(Tom Gross has one of the most extensive collections of shackles, and is one of the most knowledgeable people about their history and uses. This book represents a major effort in self-publishing.)

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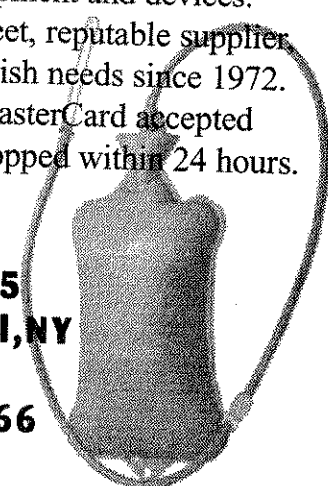
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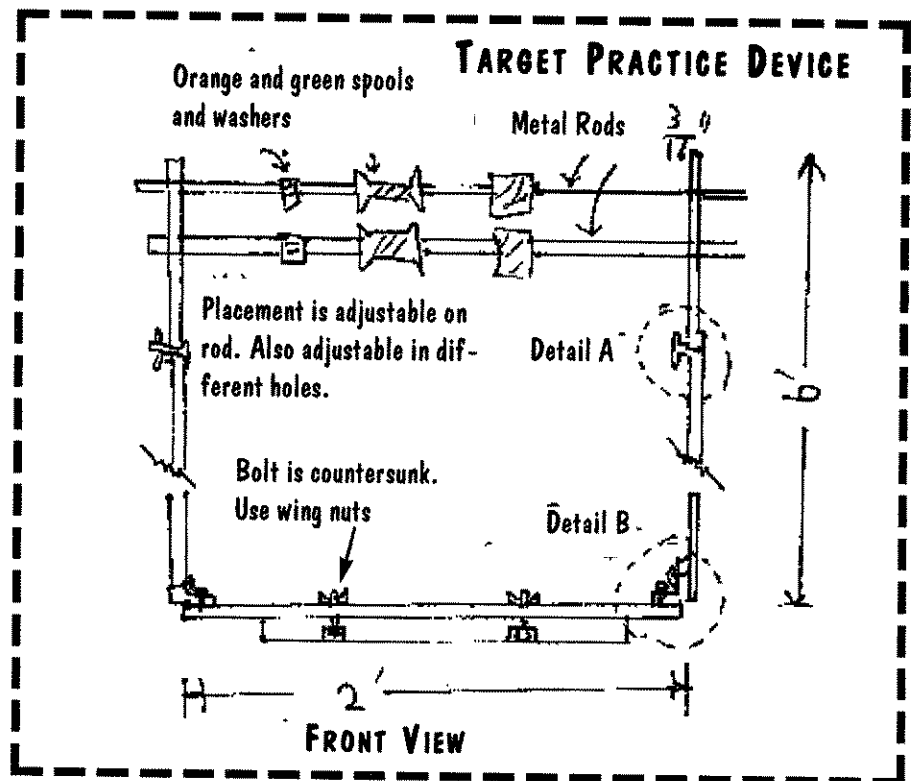
THE SKILL OF WHIPCRACKING II

The Whip Target Holder

by Mr Robert

The following is a design for a safe, cheap and easy to make a target holder designed for practice of aiming at targets for cutting and other contact maneuvers. The design has a number of advantages:

1. Easy to carry, set up and dismantle. One may even carry this device in the trunk of a small car.
2. Cheap to make. It may be built with scrap material for free or for a few dollars from common materials.
3. It allows all throws and stunts involving precise aiming to be practiced at any level of difficulty, whether horizontal or vertical.
4. You can see at a glance exactly where the whip contacts the target. You can even see if you hit the target exactly with the tip of the cracker or several centimeters from the tip. Getting the correct distance for a stunt such as hitting the ashes off a cigarette face to face is very easy to measure with this device, since where the whip makes contact with the target is made visible.
5. It favors hitting the target with the tip of the cracker rather than with the fall. If you can hit targets with the cracker, it will be easy to hit targets with the fall.
6. It will not damage the whip. You hit only smooth round objects with the tip.
7. There is no messy paper or other target material to pick up after the session.



Though you are not actually cutting targets, the action on the target is similar to cutting.

8. Two people, with the target holder midway between them and facing each other can simultaneously, and in complete safety, practice hitting targets. The connection of the sides to the base allows the frame to visibly vibrate if the device is hit hard. This forces you to hit with a light touch.

BASIC PRINCIPLE

Paint empty thread spools for large targets or harder to hit small nuts making small targets, in two striped bright contrasting colors such as orange and green. Place a few strips of vinyl electri-

cal tape inside the holes, to act as a shim, if needed. You may also drill the correct-sized center holes in wooden dowels. Place on metal rods so that the spools, nuts or dowels may rotate freely, but without play, on the rods. The rods are placed in a suitable frame holder and base. The object is to hit and spin the spools, nuts or dowels with the cracker (or tip of fall). Since the targets and rods are both round, they will not damage the whip. When the target spins it is easily visible as you would see a blur of contracting colors. This allows one to practice hitting fine targets without any messy cut up paper to be retrieved. The targets may be placed in different holes to change the distance

and the angles between these targets. This makes for a greater or a lesser degree of difficulty. The rods may be vertical or horizontal. Practice can be in either plane.

One may practice vertical cutting similarly to the horizontal by removing the top half so only the bottom wooden legs are connected to the base. A hole drilled in the top surface of one wooden side, allows a rod to be placed in the vertical position.

Placing targets, such as spools and washers on this rod allows you to practice in a vertical plane. The targets are held in place with washers made of lit-

DISCUSSION

This design makes practicing contacting a target completely safe since there is no human holding the targets. You always see if you hit the target because if you do not, the target will not spin. The whip is fast, but the colored spinning targets make the hit visible.

The targets may spin if the rod is hit due to vibration of the rod. This will occur if the hole in the spool, nut or dowel has much play. This is not desirable. It is prevented by shimmying and damping the hole with tape to allow the target to revolve only by a direct hit. The correct size hole in the dowel, relative to the size of the rod, will negate the use of tape. The target may also be weighted with a

the rods.

4. Place the rods in diagonally spaced holes. The object would be to spin the lower target but not the upper one.

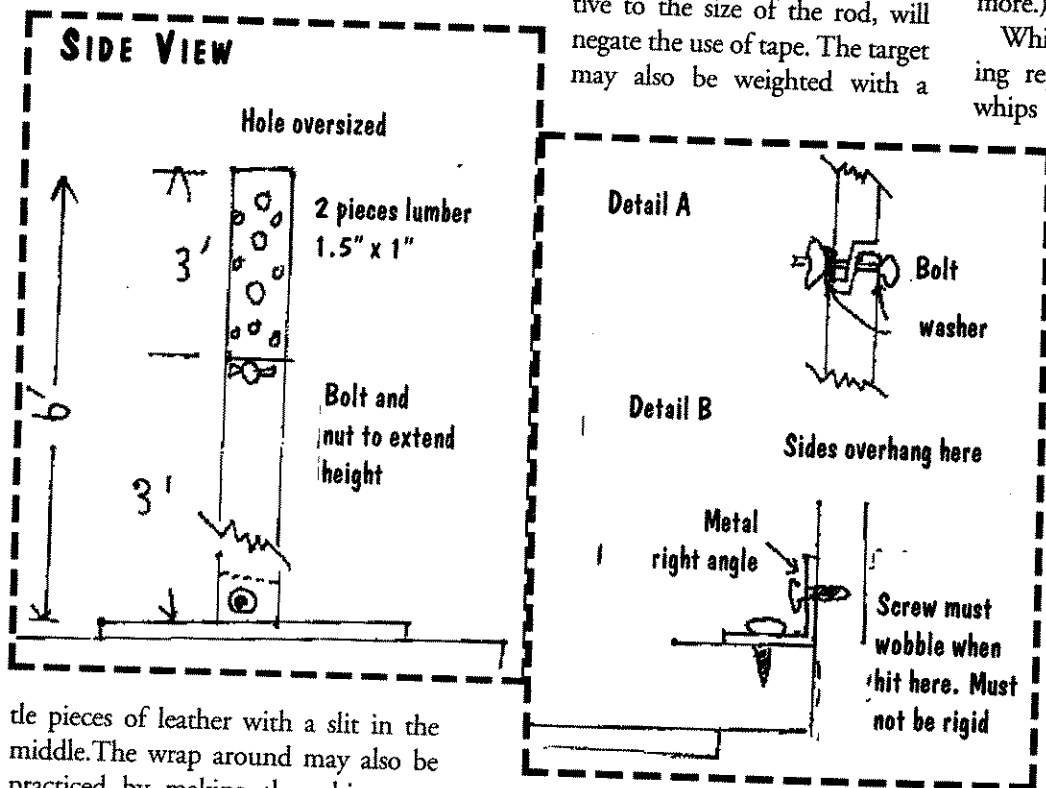
Why Whips?

This pair of articles began with the statement that whips are a means of communication. Whips were a means for talking to animals. If you made a loud noise near the ear of a animal, it would turn away from the sound which aided in steering. It was felt more persuasive means were needed at times — hence the use of whips. (Notice this is all past tense of one hundred years or more.)

Whips were a cheap means for making repeated loud noises. The use of whips *did not* entail hurting the animals. Animals were expensive. But whips could also communicate your displeasure by giving pain.

Whips were persuasive. If a team were to stop on the up slope of a hill, they would not have the momentum to start up again. The teamsters would then have to communicate displeasure by hitting them to keep the team moving until the grade would allow a stop.

Today whips are still noisy, skillful, and persuasive. Still used to control animals, but in BDSM circles, also used to persuade people. ♦



tle pieces of leather with a slit in the middle. The wrap around may also be practiced by making the whip wrap around this vertical spool. The posts holding the rods to the base should be loosely connected using small right angle brackets so the rods will vibrate if hit hard. This gives a visual indication of how hard the target is being hit. If you "Bull it" you will see it.

The rods may be set at different spacings and angles to allow for different degrees of difficulty and variety.

small strip of metal foil. This will allow only a direct hit to spin the target.

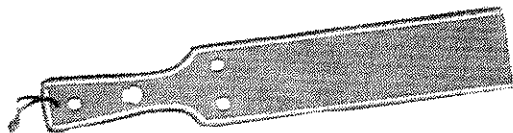
OTHER ACTIVITIES

The degree of difficulty will grow as you:

1. Use smaller targets.
2. Place the rods through closer spaced holes.
3. Place the targets closer together on

(Mr Robert is a 50+ year old man belonging to the Wild West Arts Club, the Australian Whipmakers and Plaiters Association and the Australian Whipcrackers Association. He has also worked in the theater when whip-cracking has been needed. He has done a number of experiments on whip handling and these two articles [see Issue #28 for part I] are the outcome.)

Paddles and Straps



by Gerrie Blum

Most often, when people first want to try out the sensations of spanking, it is accomplished with the bare hand and usually over-the-knee or in the bed. It is a very intimate and "up-close and personal" kind of activity. And, needing no equipment, it can be *impromptu*. But ...

Pretty soon the spanker starts to hurt almost as much as the spankee! He or she wants some respite. Or the insatiable "leadbottom" wants more, and more and ... As you know, the average hand is full of small, delicate bones and only lightly padded. The average butt is round and has big bones under

the surface. This is the one of the main reasons for adding implements to the play.

Paddles

For novices, play-at-homes and just about everyone, the paddle is the easiest and most convenient implement to use. It is small enough for over-the-knee positions, is firm enough to be accurate, and is effective in many different shapes, designs and materials. Usually it is broad, has a handle of some kind and the "business end is either round or square.

When we first started exploring the wonderful world of BDSM, and were ready to progress from plain over-the-knee hand-spankings, our first improvised implement was a Japanese rice paddle that I had brought back from my travels. Light-weight bamboo and small, it made a satisfying "cracking" sound, while keeping sensation all on the surface. It

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could be considered a paddle because it was firm, but it was too light to deliver the thud that paddles are usually used for.

Soon we graduated to something a bit more forceful, and bought a ping-pong paddle at our local sporting goods store. (It seems that it is not unusual to buy just one. Tournament-level players carry their own equipment.) One side was smooth rubber and the other was knobby. An interesting combination of sensations.

Wood

A popular material for paddles historically, has been wood. Many of us can tell stories of the wooden spoon, or the hairbrush (backside to backside, if you will) or the ruler, that still hold fetish value ever since childhood. The fraternity paddle, made of varnished wood with the letters engraved on one side has been used on the butts of pledges for centuries. And in the English "public schools," some disciplinarians used paddles instead of canes. To increase their effectiveness, they would drill holes in the wood. When the paddles struck the body, the air between the paddle and the skin was forced out and the skin was drawn into the hole, making a blister.

The practice of making attractive paddles that are sensual, beautiful and designed to be used on adult people is a more recent development, of the last ten to fifteen years.

Leather

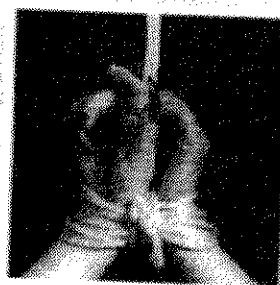
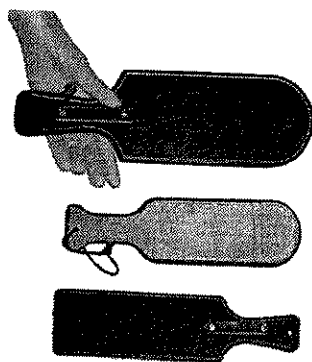
My personal preference is for leather, mainly because it is more "giving" than wood and more forgiving of error.

Leather can be as firm and authoritative as the heaviest hairbrush, especially when made of boot-sole leather and/or laminated for mass and weight. Or the leather used can be lighter in weight and smacky like my souvenir rice paddle. (It is regrettable that Asian cookery now favors the modern space-age plastics for rice paddling. Genuine bamboo ones can still sometimes be found in Asian food and housewares markets.)

Among the leathers used for paddles is a wide variety of sensations: from the slickness of patent leather to the knobby texture of sting-ray or shark-skin. Even among the bovines, there is a difference in texture and sensation between smooth

cowhide and the more robust bullhides. You will even find paddles with shearling or rabbit fur on one side to contrast with the hard, smooth leather of the other surface.

Paddles of any variety are usually an economical choice as



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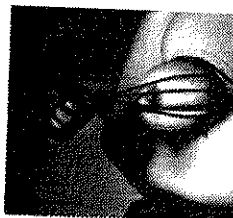
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Paddles and Straps

continued from page 23

well. A top-of-the-line paddle is usually less expensive than a plain flogger. (See Issue #24 for Flogger design.)

One caveat: try to steer clear of paddles that have a strip of steel down the center to maintain the stiffness. As the paddle mellows with use, that strip becomes a ridge and before you know it, you are really hitting with a narrow piece of covered metal rather than the broad surface of a paddle. One of my acquaintances tells of the time that she was using such an implement, and the piece of steel cut through the stitching at the tip and went sailing across the dungeon! Fortunately, noone was hurt — unintentionally!

Which also underscores the major difference between paddles and straps. Paddles are made to be firm and stay that way with continued use. Straps are more flexible, and get even moreso with use.

Straps

Straps also have a history and fetish value. Some readers might remember Daddy's Belt, or the razor strop from their childhoods.

Our first floppy implement was — a fly swatter! You know, the ones on a metal handle with a floppy, holey slapper. It too was easy to

control and small enough to use in the bedroom. The sensation from the swatter was quite different from the ping-pong — stingy compared to thuddy.



Straps are longer and narrower as well as more flexible than paddles. Most are straight and rectangular. Some may be on wooden handles although the "blade" is made of leather. To add to the design elements, they can also be shaped, with rounded ends or split like the Scottish taws.

The taws as known by schoolboys in Scotland, was made by toasting leather over a fire, thereby hardening it, and then cutting a slit about one-third to one-half the distance to make it more flexible. In a sense, hitting twice or thrice with each stroke.

Rubber

These days, straps can also be made of rubber, which is a whole different "animal." !! Rubber is different in that it leaves a "memory" after each stroke thereby building the effect cumulatively more sharply than leathers.

Neoprene rubber is very durable and is easy to clean and care for. Get out your auto tire cleaner and it's as good as new in no time.

And, rubber is an "acquired taste." My observation in the scene is that people are not "wishy-washy" about their attitude towards rubber implements in general, and rubber straps in particular. You either love it or you hate it! There isn't much middle ground!

So, if you have been limiting your play to hand-spankings, or to floggings or to bondage, perhaps now is the time to expand your horizons and include a paddle or a strap in your next scene. There are a wide variety of implements and craftspeople out there, just waiting for you to find them. Enjoy! ♦

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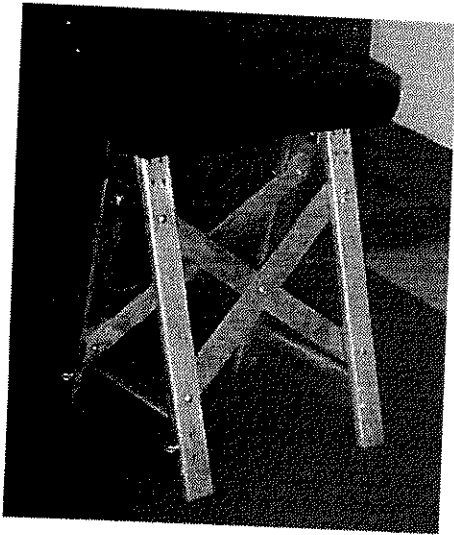
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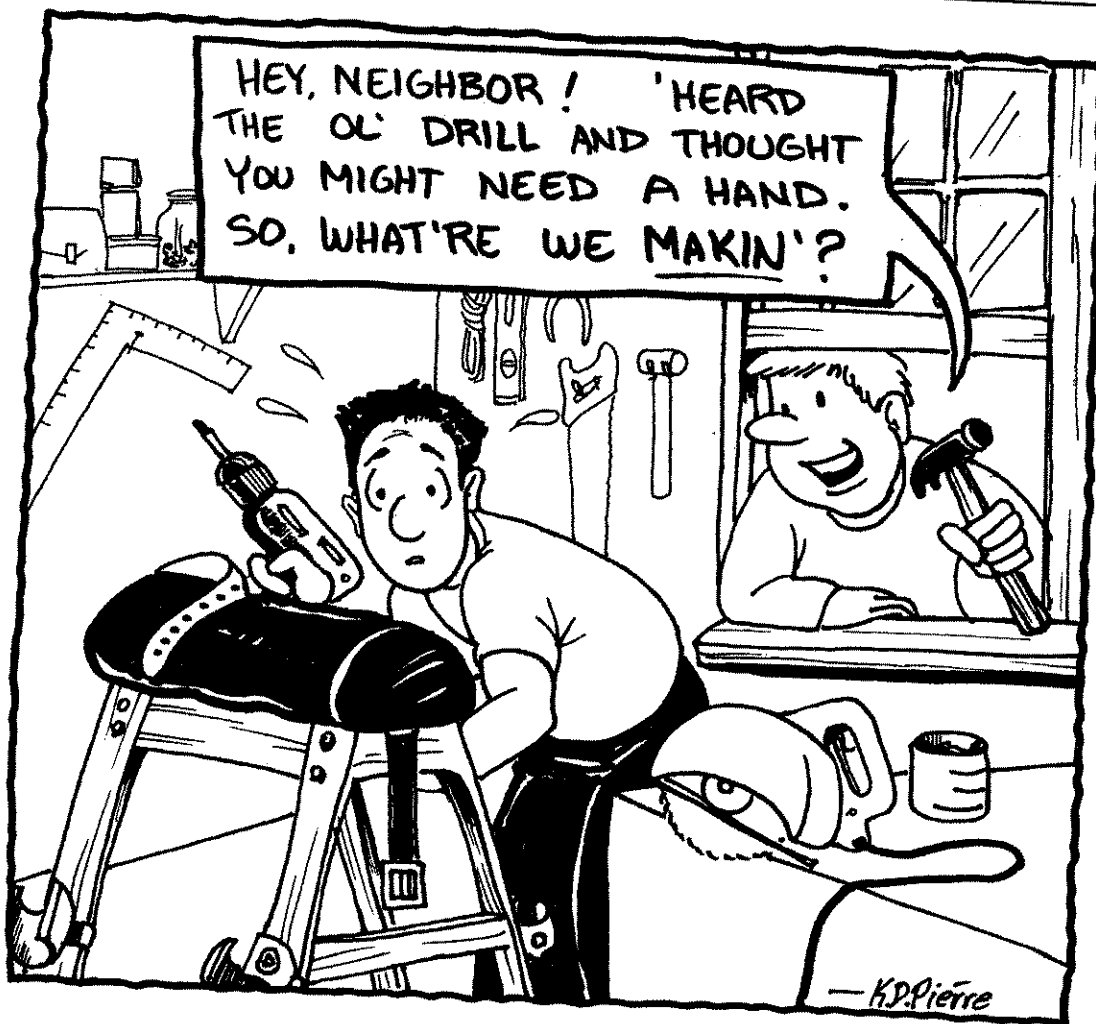
Bench

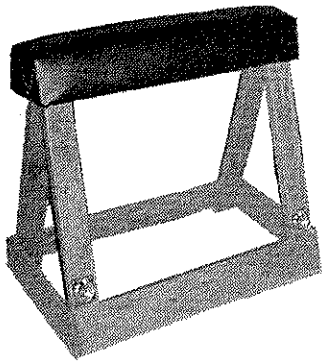
Gallery



The typical sawhorse style, this one is by **Stocks and Bonds** and is at **Playhouse Studios** in Baltimore. Adding cross-braces on both sides and steadying bars on the ends add to its stability. Its 2x4 construction is quite durable and it is covered in vinyl over padding.

more on pg 26



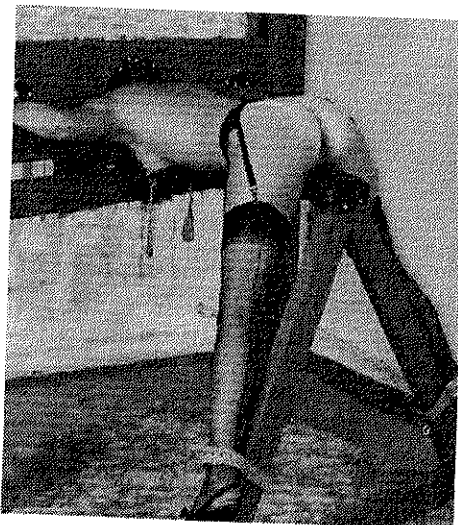
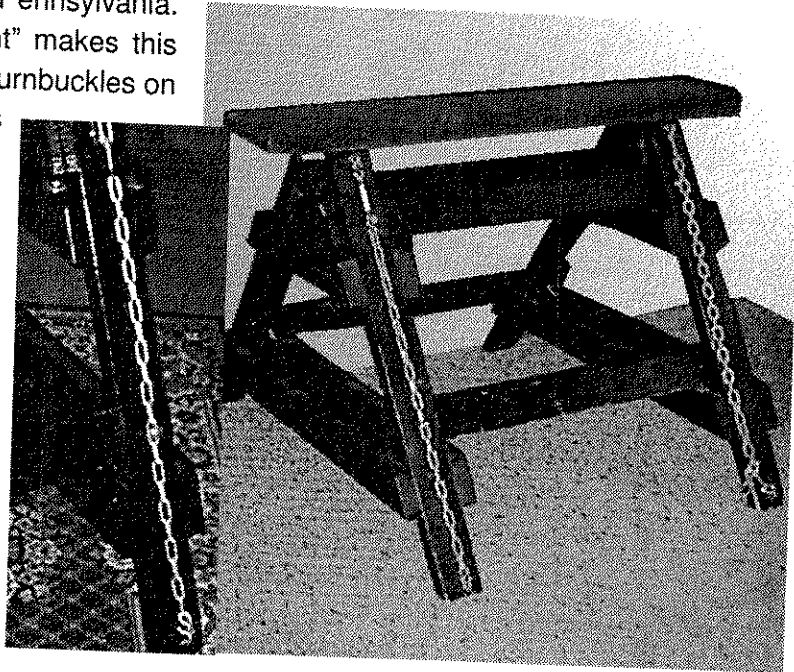


This sturdy, simple design has legs of 2x4 stock; the bottom is braced by a square frame of 1x6. The top is covered with padding from a foam exercise mat and upholstery vinyl. The ring-and-plate hardware at the bottom of each leg prevents unintentional "ouchies" from bumping into rigid projecting eyebolts.

For more spanking benches, see Issues # 7, 19, 20, and 23.

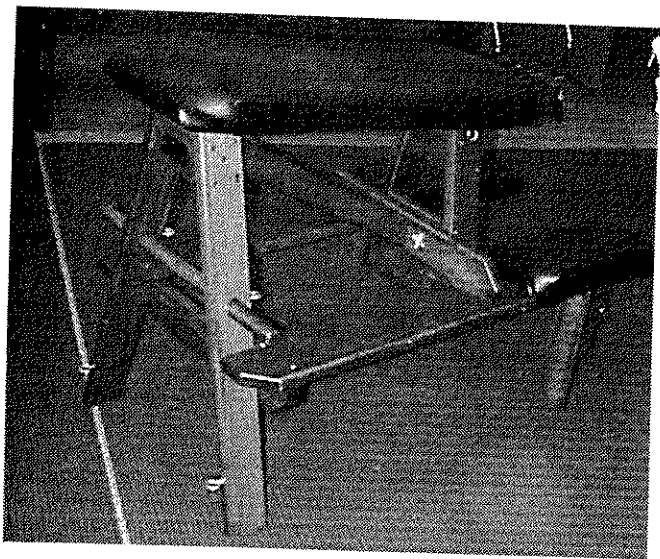
If you have an unusual or favorite bench, send a photo to us for a future Gallery.

Designed and built for **Carter Stevens**, this bench is brought to the Fall and Spring Flings in Pennsylvania. Solid construction and a wide "footprint" makes this very sturdy. The addition of chains and turnbuckles on the legs gives added support as well as flexibility in placing arm and/or leg restraints.



This economically designed spanking bench holds its occupant extremely securely with strategically placed straps. Cuffs secured to the vertical braces allow limited arm movement. The plywood base adds to immobility by allowing the subject's legs to support his weight without allowing his feet firm contact with the floor.

This is an interesting combination of stocks and an A-frame attached to form a T. When the stocks are closed and the leg restraints applied, the subject is completely immobilized with ample room to fasten clips and clamps.

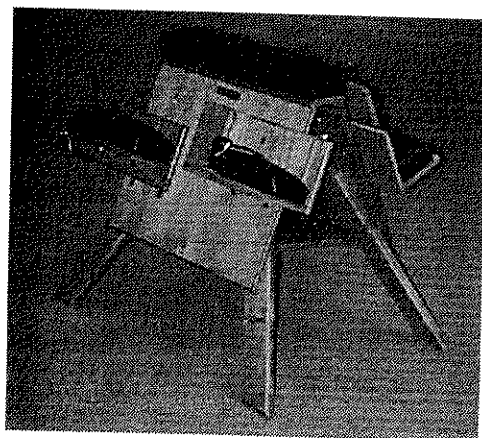
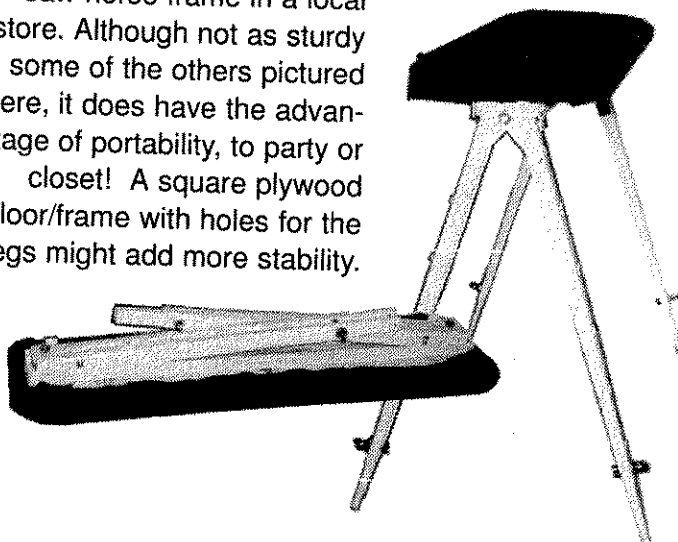


Built by **Stocks and Bonds** and on display at the **Playhouse Studios** in Baltimore, this kneeling bench typifies the meticulous execution of carefully engineered designs of this company. The bench takes the full weight of the subject. When combined with superb glue-and-screw joints, it provides outstanding stability. The kneeling rails are padded to permit long sessions, while a slight incline promotes good posterior presentation and prevents distress from poor posture. A handgrip of round doweling and ample screw-eye attachment points add an additional sense of security. Material is urethane varnished hardwood and vinyl covered padding.

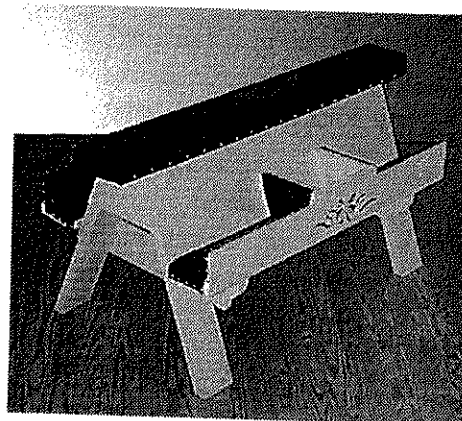
Another Klever **Kinky Joe** Kreation, the Long Horn is made of steel pipe and padded for comfort. See more of his work in Issue 20.)



Guardian reader "Bud" found the makings for this collapsible saw-horse frame in a local store. Although not as sturdy as some of the others pictured here, it does have the advantage of portability, to party or closet! A square plywood floor/frame with holes for the legs might add more stability.



Two versions of the "French/Greek Training Bench," the white one made for Mistress Diamond (right) and the other made by Chicago's "C" (left). The arms and legs of the subject are bent into the side pockets and the torso is prone along the top. C's model folds easily for travel or storage. (Also see Issue #7)



How Dominance Can Change Your Life

An Artist in Sensual Female Dominance Tells Her Story.

by Claudia Varrin

Excerpted from her new book: *The Art of Sensual Female Dominance*, with permission.

What makes straight, or "vanilla" sex as D&Sers call it, so different from the techniques, in particular female domination?

And can you master those techniques and harness the powerful vamp/bitch/love goddess inside you?

Why the sudden interest in a practice that has been in the closet for centuries? Why is D&S now surfacing as a mainstream lovestyle? It's exciting, erotic and empowering; it's an escape from boredom. Maybe things are getting a little dull, a little humdrum? Has twice a week become standard in your bedroom? I know, I've been there. Does he still have the "not-tonight-honey" blues, even though it's been over a week?

Besides, look around! What do you see? Machines! Faxes, modems, keyboards and screens. Wouldn't leather and lace and high heels look deliciously wicked? Wouldn't candles be nicer, cozier, sexier than a halogen floor lamp?

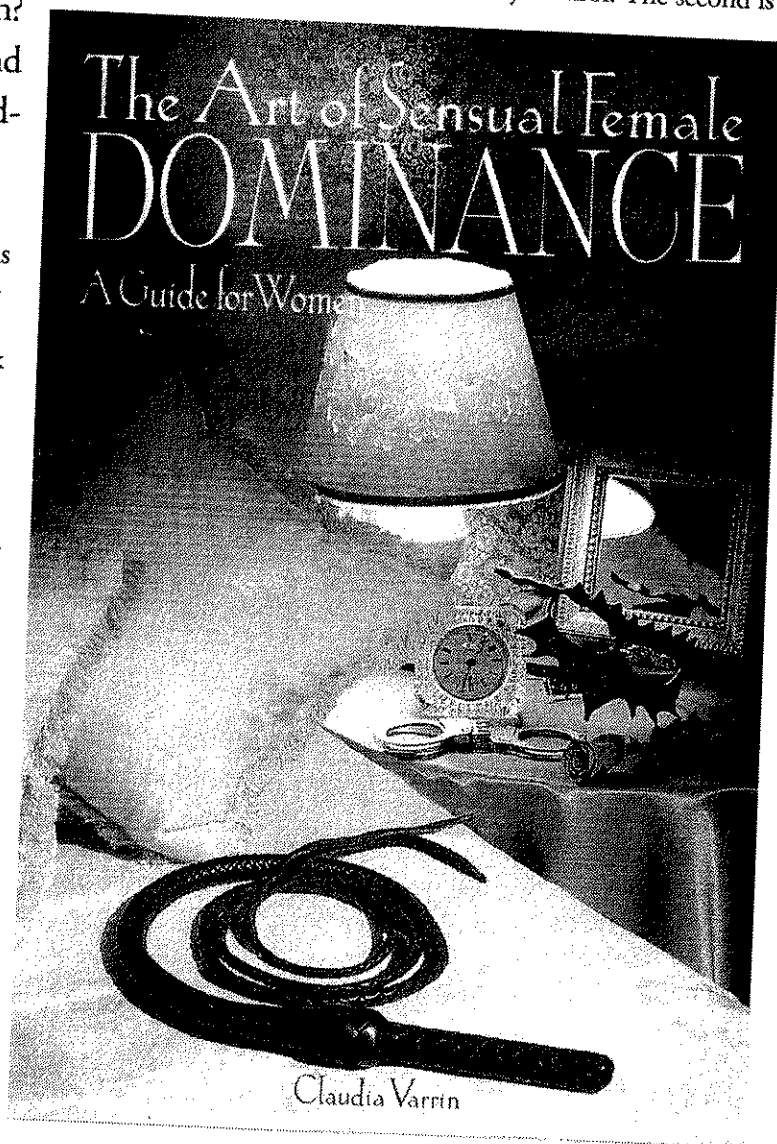
What sounds surround us nowadays? Beeps and bleeps, blips and buzzers! What happened to the low-pitched, sultry voice that send a *frisson* down a man's spine?

How about wielding a sexy black riding crop as a symbol of your authority instead of a mouse? A *mouse*, for gods' sake! Shouldn't someone be shrieking, "Eek!"

Where did the fun, the excitement go? What happened to our romantic natures? When was the last time you quivered with passion? We have forgotten the power of a lover's words because most of us don't hear them anymore. But, "living dangerously" truly *is* dangerous in the real world these days, so let's be dangerous types in the safety of our bedrooms. Whether you're a top or a bottom, D&S is romantic and fun!

Why Me?

I had two main reasons for becoming deeply involved in D&S. The first is an internal well of power I had only glimpsed before and now have in my control. The second is



something we all love: pleasure. When I was a professional dominatrix, I was always and only a dominant. And at first, I loved topping the men who came to me with their secrets

**... there was nothing wrong with
being sexually dominant or submissive
and acting out those fantasies.**

and took great pleasure in acting out their desires. But in my private life I was and always had been submissive, even what that private life consisted of only fantasies. I love pleasure (who doesn't?) and D&S is an exciting and exotic variety of pleasure.

Dominas aren't doctors or therapists, although many will say that they find their work therapeutic, as do their partners. One doesn't need a degree; imagination, creativity and confidence are not matriculated subjects. What I bring to you is BDSM experience combined with a lifestyle and values that are very similar to your own. A real person, just like you, who worries about the bills and that extra ten pounds and the spot on her favorite dress. Only my dress happens to be made of leather!

Meeting my Mentor

Many years ago, I met Ava Taurel and after a few short moments together, she decided that I possessed that undefinable quality that made me a dominant woman. The day I became a professional dominatrix was liberating. One delightful but unexpected side effect of letting my powerful dark side out of the closet was the freedom of expression it lent to the rest of my life. Suddenly I was in a world where the men outnumbered the women eight to one and I was able to pick and choose who I wanted to grace with my presence. Life had become interesting again. My self-esteem rocketed. Men's heads turned when I walked by them with a new assurance that proclaimed *I was different*.

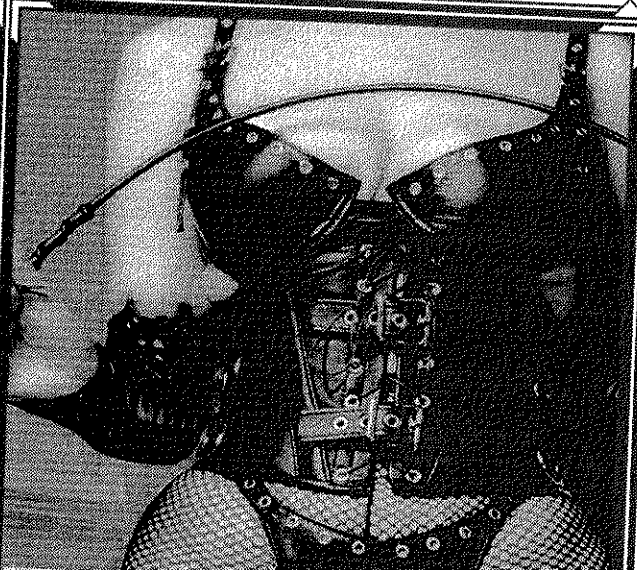
My juices once again started to flow, especially the sexual and creative ones. I plunged into the D&S life, being a guest panelist on TV talk shows, speaking to magazine writers, newspaper people, promoting the benefits of D&S sex. Several college students approached me about being their final exam and I was delighted to write for and appear in their videos.

Ava had trained me in safe domination. She explained that there were two kinds of dominants: active and passive. An active top is very hands-on, very assertive in everyday life, like Ava herself. If you don't move fast enough, she has the size and strength to move you to her liking. I am a passive dom: I give the command and I simply expect it to be obeyed.

Since I already knew how to handle a flogger (or whip), the first lesson she gave me was an anatomy lesson on one of her slaves. From there we progressed to spanking, paddling and caning lessons, all on different slaves who volunteered for the purpose. As part of each lesson on corporal punishment, the slave or submissive would describe to Ava how the beating I gave him felt, and rate my abilities. Of course, any form makes noise, and you can tell if the beating is a good one based on the sound of it.

It was during that time that Ava and I formed a lasting friendship. Nothing in my life had prepared me for her kind of person. She's totally sane, but some of her opinions are completely flipped out. She is one of the most intelligent people I have ever met — and one of the dizziest. Her mind is open and inquiring and filled with dreams, yet she is almost old enough to be my mother. Her understanding and acceptance of the practice of S&M in herself, in me, and in others, made me feel for the very first time that there was nothing wrong with being sexually dominant or submissive and acting out those fantasies.

continued on pg 30



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Dominance Can Change Your Life

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As a child, my fantasies were of a sadomasochistic nature; as a teen I read everything I could find that even alluded to S&M. When I became sexually active, I was always able to find a man to dominate in some way, or one who could in some way be made to dominate me. I developed an "eye" for picking men I could interest in playing.

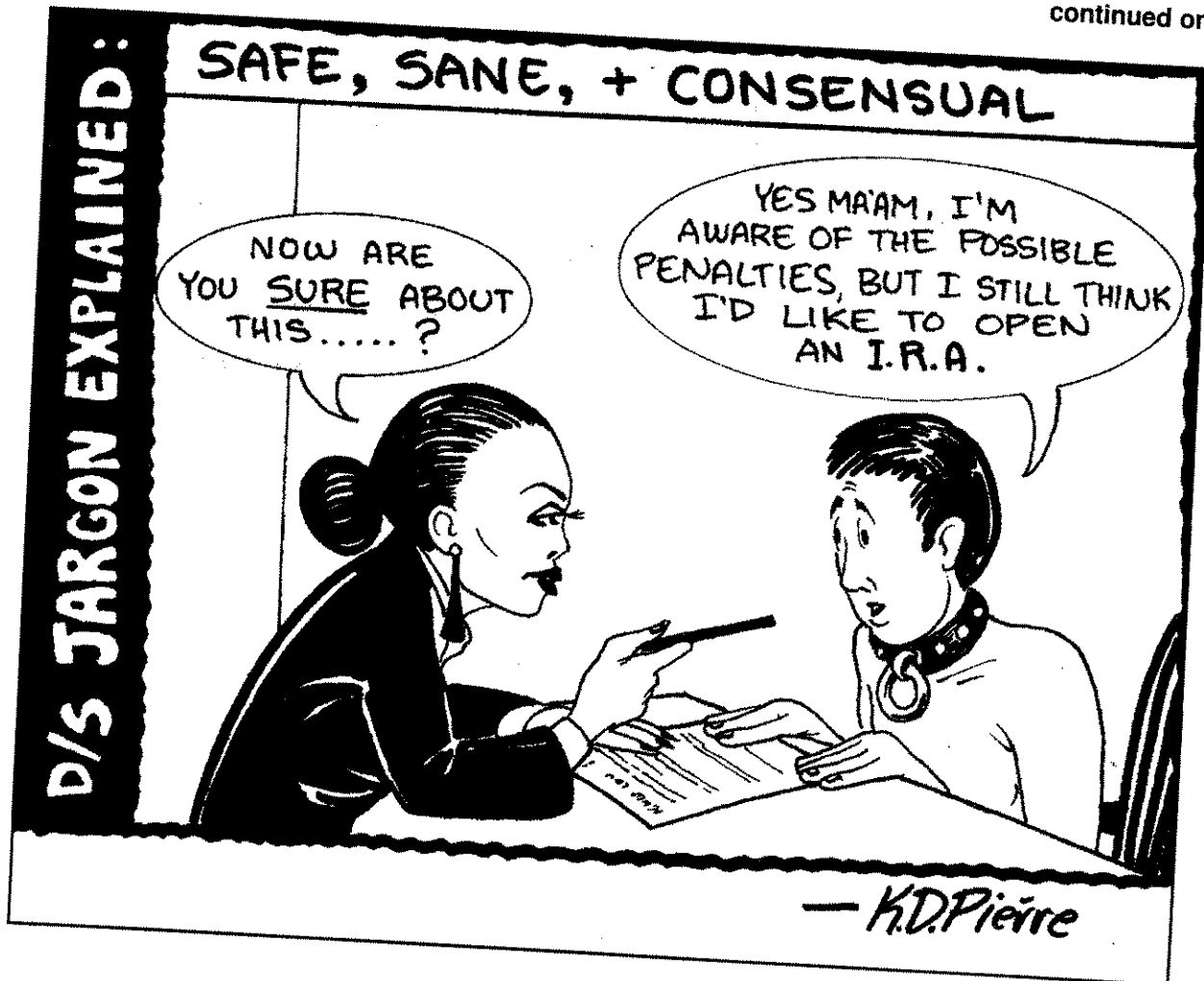
Through my friendship with Ava I came out of the closet and into the light: the light of guilt-free sexuality, assertiveness and confidence. I became better at expressing myself, verbally and on paper, and rekindled my high school dream of being a writer. With her support, I was able to tap into an internal well of power — sexual and non-sexual — that I had only suspected before. By becoming a professional dominatrix, I was able to focus on this and harness its power for use in my everyday life. Why not tap into *your* well of power and have a little fun with it? Once you do, you will

find that others notice it too. To them the well might manifest itself as confidence, intelligence and animal sexuality. Maybe you will walk a little taller or strut a little better or slink a little more sinuously than before.

When I freed my sexuality from its self-induced and societal bonds by being dominant, it helped me to take control of my life and keep it. And I certainly was happier for it. I found a new authority inside myself that I think was always there, and brought it forth, exhibiting dominant behavior at home, initially in little ways. A new sharing of household chores followed by a rigorous enforcement of a new division of duties. In dealing with the rest of the world, I learned that unpleasant men are just little boys in men's clothes and needed to be disciplined. Disorganized men needed to be whipped into some semblance of order. Late men needed to be taught a lesson in timekeeping. And I was just the one to do it.

How did I manage to use my newly-found sexual dominance to gain and keep control of my life? I thought about what I did as a professional and projected it to my everyday

continued on pg 31



life. Men paid to obey me, to worship my feet, to launder my handwash, to be beaten by me and humiliated by me. They did it without question and accepted my punishments with relish. *Relish!*

I began to speak to outsiders with the same cool but courteous authority I used with my slaves. Yes, I cared about their feelings. My dominance was not a reason for abuse but of course they wanted to serve me, obey me, win my approval. Why shouldn't they? I never raised my voice or used foul language; it was totally unnecessary. I speak in low, cool tones, as if I expect and deserve all due respect and the best of service, no matter what that service is. I am polite but firm, courteous but in charge, and my tone of voice also tells the listener I will brook no BS. I act as if everyone is absolutely delighted to go that extra step for me, to make that call, to push my grocery cart to the car.

Okay, you are not going to become a professional domina to unleash the sexually dominant voodoo inside you. But you don't have to! I've been there, done that — absolutely loved it! Now it's time to share with my friends. Let them in on the fun and games. ♦

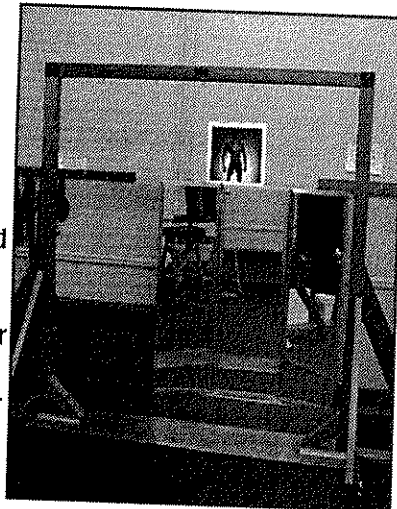
(Claudia Varrin is the nom de plume of a well known professional domina and writer. The Art of Sensual Female Dominance will be published in the spring of 1998.)

Our next issue celebrates the 10th Anniversary of **The SandMUTopian Guardian** (or Sandmutopia Guardian as it was known then) and it's an issue you don't want to miss!

In addition to our regular articles and features, some of the folks who were there, "in the beginning" will be telling you about then, now ... or whatever they are inspired to write for us. It will surely be a keepsake issue.

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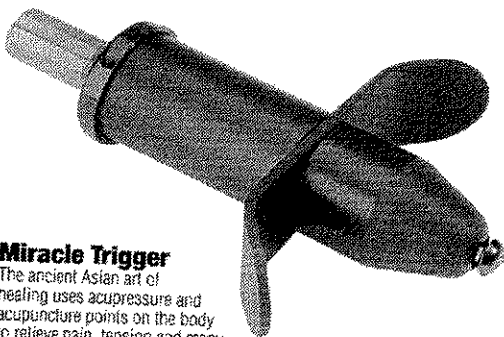
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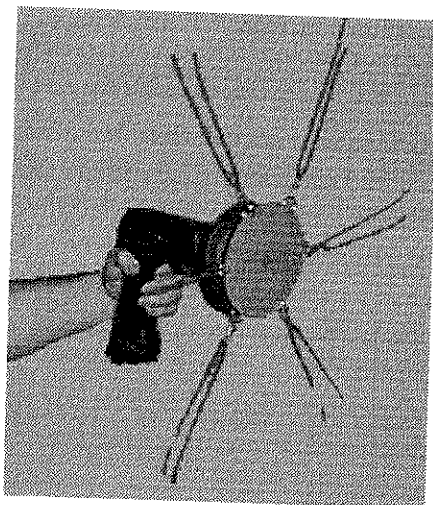
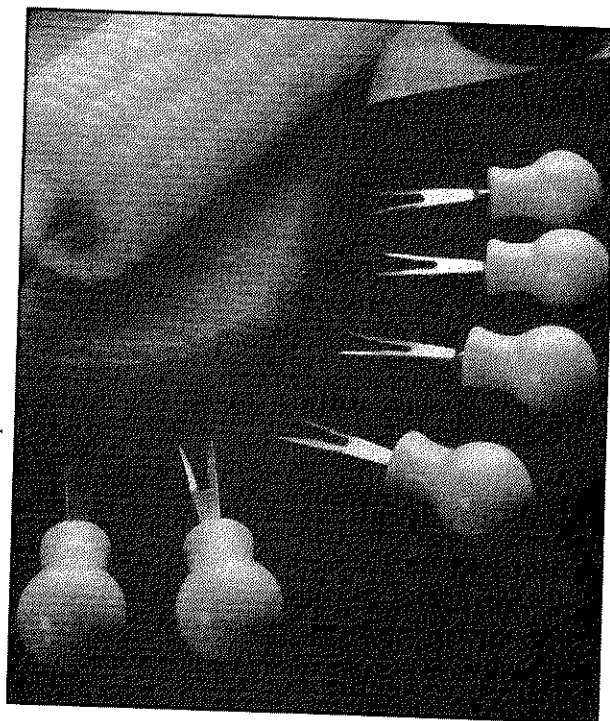
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The "Roto-Flogger"

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The most difficult part is being sure that the holes into which the mini-quirts are tied are equally spaced, and that the leather or rubber strips from which they are made are of equal length.

The effect is determined by the speed of the drill and the material of the mini-quirts. Duration depends on the patience of the Top and the capacity of the battery!

Some greedy bottoms will use 120v drills clamped in a vice ... and back into it — sparing Ma'am or Sir the trouble.

Unexpected Sources

Suzy's Shopping Basket

by Suzanne

Not everyone into BDSM feels that "toys" are necessary for fun and rewarding play. For example when I asked my first Dom what toys he had, he said, "Toys?? Who needs toys when I have these?" lifting his smooth hands and smiling devilishly. Perhaps he did not need the traditional gear associated with the lifestyle but there were still times when I longed for a good old fashioned flogging!

To find otherwise innocent items that can be readily obtained in unlikely places to add to your toy collection, my Master/husband and I absolutely *adore* shopping in places such as Home Depot™ (affectionately called "Dom Depot"), or even our supermarket. You would be surprised what you can find with an open mind and a touch of perverted imagination.

I love going up and down the aisles, selecting odd items while watching the look on the sales-help's faces as we giggle deviously and whisper about our intended uses, or when he gives me a playful swat, testing the potential impact. Nothing like a bit of sales-sadism to brighten your day. On one trip, as we strolled around the housewares department, a salesman crept along behind us ducking in and out of view. When we looked back, he would jump and pretend he was restocking shelves. It was fun!!

Feather Dusters, lambswool dusters and chamois cloths are wonderful for tickling, teasing or cooling down the body. \$3.00 - 7.00

Pizza Paddle, (see *Issue #24*) and spatulas make great paddles with a

variety of intensities. Get several!! \$2-8.

Utility Blades (see *Instant Release knife on pg 46*) are a "must have" if you do bondage. \$4.00 - 10.00

Shrimp Deveiners make an evil looking but safe gadget for mock knife play or wax removal. \$2.00

Tie or Belt Racks are handy little items for hanging up your toys. \$2-5.00

Plastic Water Filled Ice Cubes are terrific frozen treats for sensation play without the mess of melting ice. \$3.00

Candles (see *Issue #25*) can be amazingly erotic but please be careful. Be sure you know what sort of wax to use. I like soft, scented waxes. They seem to burn cooler. \$1.00 - 10.00

Clothespins are the original nipple (and other area) clamps and still very effective and inexpensive. Under \$5.00

Leather Boot Laces can be held together at the top with electrical tape to make into an acceptable flogging instrument. Under \$5.00

Bungee Cords can be used for bondage or as a light flogger (see *Issue #19*) if you strip the cloth off and bind one end. Under \$5.00

Rope is fairly inexpensive and I prefer it because of the personal way in which it can be applied. The anticipation that builds as each coil is wrapped around wrists, ankles, etc. is delicious and adds to the effect. Buy lots and cut it into handy lengths. You can either bind the ends with tape or learn to "whip" the ends with string. (see *issue #25*). Nylon or soft cotton rope, 1/4" works very well for most areas. I

prefer that or thinner for genital areas, and thicker for anything that will be struggled against vigorously. Get clothesline without the plastic core. It's easier to work with.

Rope can also make a wonderfully soft, luxurious, inexpensive **flogger**. You'll need at least 50 feet (more for a heavier flogger) A large round ring will give you an anchor; then bind enough of it together at the top to use as a handle. Unravel the strands to give it a lush softness.

Scarves make excellent blindfolds or gags and are also readily available and inexpensive. Get a few.

Large Adjustable "C" Clamps with at least a 6" spread can be used to turn a doorway into an excellent place for bondage. (see *Issue #28*) Hook the clamps over the moldings of the door. About \$10.00 each.

Double-ended Snap Hooks have a multitude of uses!! I have at least a dozen at all times! Under \$1.00 each.

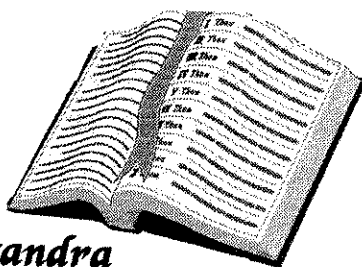
A **Wooden Dowel** an inch thick and three feet long can be turned into a spreader bar. Add an eye hook at each end, grab a couple snap hooks, some rope or cuffs ... Ta da! Under \$10.00

Fishing Sinkers make effective weights for a little added tension to any clamp. Price varies with size.

So, the next time you and your partner are strolling through the stores, keep your eyes open for the usual that can be used in unusual ways. And keep an eye on the clerks. I guarantee it will change the way you look at houseware. *Happy S/Mart Shopping!!*

Confessions of a Professional Domina

by *Mistress Cassandra*



It seems like yesterday that I took my first tentative steps toward realizing the full extent of my Dominant nature. Fourteen years, countless play parties and 7000 professional sessions later, I can't imagine being anything else.

Over the years I've accumulated a mind-numbing quantity of "Most Memorable Scenes." Unlike play parties, where (usually) the assembled group shares a more-or-less common view of what constitutes a good time, a professional session is an exercise in the Dominant doing her best to accommodate the client's expectations while not compromising her own values.

While there are a number who just want a standard Bondage and Discipline session, all too often one encounters people who have formulated a highly detailed, "too weird for words" fantasy scenario, and are travelling the world looking for a professional Domina who can bring this dream to life. In cases like this, you

grit your teeth, do the best you can within your own personal guidelines, and pray for the hour to be over!

Good Times

The best experience a pro Dom can have, however, is when you meet

I ... began a loud "Fire & Brimstone" sermon about the evils of S/M

a client who has a genuinely unique take on the scene. These clients always have an infectious enthusiasm for their own particular kink, and before you know it, you're looking at your job in a whole new light, having fun, and learning a new slant on both your lifestyle and your job.

A client I remember to this day intimated on the phone that he wanted me to, "Beat the Devil!" out of him. He was visiting from a small city in the deep south, and had the most charming drawl. While I was dressing for the call, I pondered the meaning of his statement. This was a number of years ago, when TV evan-

gelists were sinning their way into the headlines; the radio news started to broadcast yet another tale of "Preacher Gone Bad," and in a blinding stroke of inspiration, I had a plan.

Arriving at his hotel room I pulled a well-thumbed *Gideon Bible* from the nightstand, and began a loud "Fire & Brimstone" sermon about the evils of S/M and the sinners who practice it! My client's face lit up like a kid on Christmas morning, and he started in with the "Amens" and "Hallelujahs." A casual observer, even one actively involved in the scene would have questioned our sanity. The scene progressed with the client confessing his sins, and eventually taking 100 hard strokes across the butt from the Bible, literally beating the Devil out of him. I imagine this event takes place in devout Christian households quite often, but it was the first time I'd used it in a professional scene, and I enjoyed the whole experience immensely. I've since become "Sister Cassandra" quite often, and I owe it all to this meek little client from Georgia.

Bad Boys

There is a whole subset of professional clients who are, shall we say, "mature." These "bad boys" love to relive their childhood, and regress to the age of 12 as soon as I enter the room. There's nothing obscene, or perverted about them; they're just naughty little boys, with "Bad Hands," looking to be punished for

being 12 years old again. The extremes that some of these clients go to in order to act the part is hilarious. I catch them reading dirty magazines, I catch them staring at my cleavage, I even catch them masturbating into their baseball mitt. The session proceeds as expected, and at the end, while I'm cleaning my equipment, the client is back to being the Captain of Industry that is his normal persona.

This "willing suspension of disbelief" is the benchmark of a good professional session. Remember, clients of professionals do not live the lifestyle (usually) to any great extent; being submissive is a real treat to them, and they're determined to get the most out of the experience. All too often at play parties I get slightly disillusioned at the almost jejune attitude of the participants. To Dominate someone who isn't part of the lifestyle is to see the scene through the eyes of a novice: wide-eyed, rapt with anticipation, and willing to try anything. I love clients like this.

As a professional, one sees fetishes carried to the extreme. The Latex/Lingerie/Foot worship crowd so common in the lifestyle pales in comparison to "Wristwatch," "Bank Vault" or "Floor Mop" fetishes. I have a client who has a prison fetish to the point where he arrives for the session with a can of delousing powder which *must* be applied before the session can begin. I have to stand him in

continued on pg 39

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BOOK REVIEW

by Steve Vakesh

Figure Training Fundamentals

Versatile Fashions, 1997,
64 pages, \$19.95

Corsets are becoming more and more popular in the BDSM community every year, but information on them lags far behind. This book, while intended to fill that gap will surely confuse as much as it enlightens. Most of the text is culled from articles and stories that appeared in "London Life Magazine," a publication that catered to corset fetishists in the 1920s and 1930s. The book's most serious problem is that the archaic text of the original articles has not been modernized. This is fun to a point, but the suggestions to engage in "Swedish drill" or calisthenics with Indian clubs are likely to confuse even the most ardent gym rat. Terms like "octoroon" which sprinkle the text will offend many readers. If you can get past these problems, you might find the book entertaining.

The book's useful advice is buried among suggestions that range from the useless to the dangerous. The instructions on



lacing your corset are ok, as are the guidelines on caring for it. Be careful, though, as modern corsets are made with steel rather than whale-bone stays. Washing them in water as the book recommends may cause the stays to rust. Most manufacturers recommend dry cleaning. The "corsettee's creed" would probably fit well in someone's slave contract. The rest was apparently intended as fantasy material for the original readers sixty years ago and is simply absurd today. The high fat diet it recommends would have been laughed at even back then. Even if you could trim your

waist eating a diet composed primarily of eggs, butter, milk, cream, and meat (not to mention the daily fish-oil tonic), the cholesterol would probably kill you before you achieved your waist training goal. The training-enhancing gadgetry they recommend would be fun for BDSM play, as it is designed to prevent any loosening of the corset, but not for daily figure training which generally has to be more discreet and allow some mobility. Just try getting in and out of car wearing a tightly laced corset!

The remainder of the book contains republished stories describing the fetishistic joys of corsets, usually focusing on young women and their strict, but caring governesses and maids. You can't have too many maids in a pseudo-Victorian setting. All the characters, of course, have impossibly small waists, but are desperate to make them even smaller. After all, what corset fetishist would be satisfied with a twelve inch waist? Ethel Granger eat your heart out. Anyone who thinks BDSM is a new idea should read a few of these stories.

While entertaining at times, this book needed much more work and at least a semblance of editorial focus. Was it meant to arouse, amuse, or merely confuse? For good information on waist training, the first few issues of Body Play magazine are still the best source, but they are rather short, and leave a lot unsaid. There's a real need for a good book on this subject. This one is not it. ♦

(Steve Vakesh is well-known to readers of *The Guardian* and writes on a variety of subjects. Still working on his PhD in History, occasionally he can find time for us.)

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by V. M. Johnson

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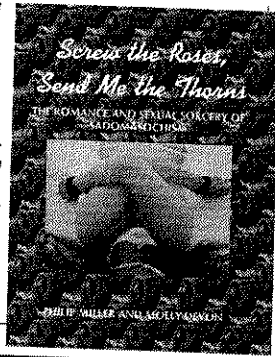
Screw the Roses. Send Me the Thorns

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The witty, popular guide to BDSM and
playful eroticism by Philip Miller and
Molly Devon. illustrated \$24.95

"a clear standout...what really sets this book apart is the pervasive and persistent sense of fun...The technical advice is superb. Information about and instruction in flogging is perfect, leaving nothing out. Their illustrated section on bondage is unequalled."

The SandMUtopian Guardian



BOOK NEWS

Well Known BDSM Author is Plagiarized by Mainstream Writer!

Laura Antoniou is well known to the BDSM communities as an editor and writer. She has edited several anthologies, among them the *Leatherwomen* series — and, writing as “Sara Adamson,” she is the author of *The Marketplace* trilogy, works which have been favorable compared to the “Beauty” books. Her novels have been published in several countries and translated into Japanese and Korean! Ms Antoniou’s books are published by Masquerade Books and have sold several hundred thousand copies worldwide.



further action.

No doubt Wensley thought he could get away with it because who would find out, and after all, it’s only “pornography.”

Well, Laura did find out, she is proud of her work as a creator of BDSM erotica, and she is willing to fight for her copyrights. *The Guardian* salutes her. ♦

(Laura’s books are available at your local book store or from the mail order companies who advertise in this magazine. She has also written articles for *The Guardian* and is a friend.)

Passages of her novel, *The Slave*, were plagiarized by author Wensley Clarkson and used in his purportedly *non-fiction* work, *Slave Girls*, published by St. Martin’s Press.

Mr. Clarkson’s plagiarism extended through at least *three whole pages* of Antoniou’s text! Said Richard Kasak, Masquerade’s publisher,

“What astounds me is that Clarkson used parts of a work of fiction to ‘prove,’ in a work of *non-fiction*, that female sexual slavery exists as he describes it. ...

“Moreover, it is fair to ask what other passages in this work of ‘true crime’ — and in other works by Clarkson — are also fictional.”

Clarkson has offered no explanation for his plagiarism of Ms. Antoniou’s novel. According to the *New York Times*, St. Martin’s is currently, “purportedly solidifying its reputation as the leader in true crime books.” Even if it means just a little fiction added for ... flavor?

Although St. Martin’s has not admitted guilt in the case, *The Guardian* has learned that they have agreed to recall the copies of their book, destroy them, and if they decide to republish it, will excise the offending passages before printing it. Because they have offered neither compensation nor an apology to Ms. Antoniou, she tells us that she is considering

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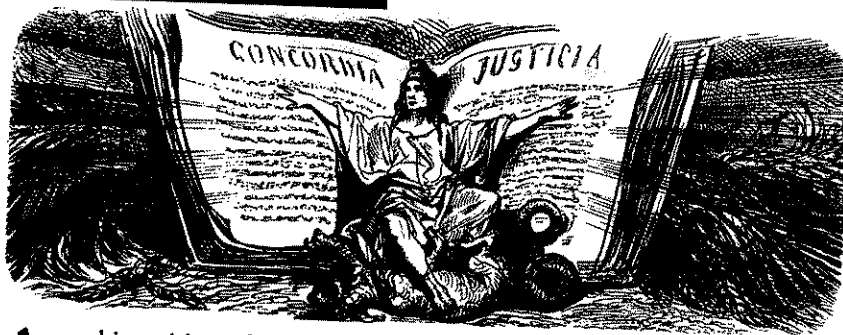
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At this writing, the Scanlon vs GMSMA and the Carter Stevens vs Hearst Corporation are still awaiting adjudication.

Carter tells *The Guardian* that he expects Hearst to drag things out as long as possible (could it be that the up-right legal types are having too much fun in the BDSM "underworld"?). At issue is whether the "Cosmo" trademark is being infringed by Carter's "Cosmopolitan Domination" magazine. The full texts of his testimony and correspondence with Hearst is on his web site at: www.smnews.com

Chris Scanlon has set up a website where you can read the details of the depositions, court proceedings, etc.:

http://ourworld.compuserve.com/homepages/scanlon_chris/home-page.htm.

Chris is a photographer who is in litigation with the Gay Male SM Activists in New York regarding photos he took of members that were published without his permission. (See Issue #28)

Also currently in the courts is a case brought by a young woman who met a

man in an online chat room and claims that on their first date he detained her unlawfully and sexually assaulted her. As of now, there has been no connection made in the court room between the occurrence and BDSM practice. We will have more to say about this case in our next issue, after a verdict has been reached.

As for the Houghtons — they have not heard from the fundraisers or the community in many a moon!

Their children are back home, their finances are shot and without community support, they cannot go forward with any of the grandiose retaliatory suits that were going to be instituted. They feel abandoned by the community, and are planning to just get on with their lives as soon as the jurisdiction of the Family Court ends in May. ♦



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the shower and scrub him down with a floor scrub brush and industrial strength disinfectant, then delouse him — *then* get on with the session. I just can't imagine a Dominant going through this *without* getting paid.

A client with such an involved fetish is more or less compelled to visit a professional Domina: no amateur would put up with it! At least once a month I'm faced with the challenge of meeting the logistics of an insane fetish: "You want an 8 foot high spiderweb, wall-mounted, in light green polyester rope? Will

medium blue do? It will? I'll see you in 90 minutes, just as soon as my equipment technician finishes building the damned thing."

People who complain about professional Dominas "ruining" the scene, just have no idea what we have to put with. The next time you see one of us at a play party and we don't seem to be "into it," don't be insulted ... it's just been a long week! ❖

(Ms Cassandra Payne is the mistress of Payne Manor in Vancouver, Canada. You can see more about her and her dungeon in Issue # 24.)

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And Much More

Covert Symbols for Perverts

by Spectrum

I've often heard people express an interest in having some covert recognition symbol, so they can identify who else might be kinky, and avoid the embarrassment of asking and then finding out that the other person is *not friendly* to such suggestions.

The Leather Pride flag is an *overt* symbol, but it can require some delicate explaining about what such an indicator of kinky interest means, if one is not "out." Here is one that is pretty covert — noticeable but easily deniable.

Almost everyone carries keys and most people keep them on a key ring which often will have a decorative tab or tassel to facilitate finding the keys in a pocket or purse, and as an identifier of the owner. If this tassel is a leather "mini-flogger," it can serve as a recognition symbol as well.

Materials

To make one of these you will need:

5 - 18" pieces of leather lacing, about 1/8" square.

(Regular leather boot laces from the shoe repair shop are okay for these. I used lacing from Tandy® Leather.)

A split-ring key ring, 1-1.5" in diameter.

A pair of pliers for pulling the lace.

Method

Line up four of the laces parallel to each other and insert one end of the bunch through the ring. Put the ring at the laces' center point and bend them over so that they hang down in equal lengths from the ring. These will be the

eight tails of the mini-flogger.

(Note: for ex Boy Scouts, the next steps are like the knot used in whipping the end of a rope, where the bunch of tails is the "rope.")

Fold the fifth lace back on itself, 2.5" from one end. I used one of a contrasting color to make it easier to see.

The longer end (about 12-14") will be end "A" and the shorter end is "B."

Fig 1

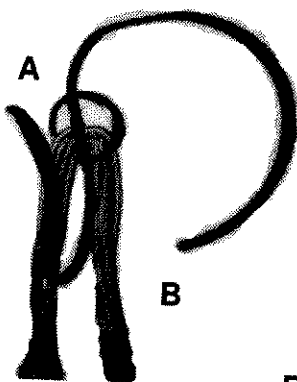


Fig 2

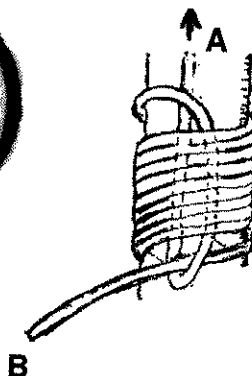
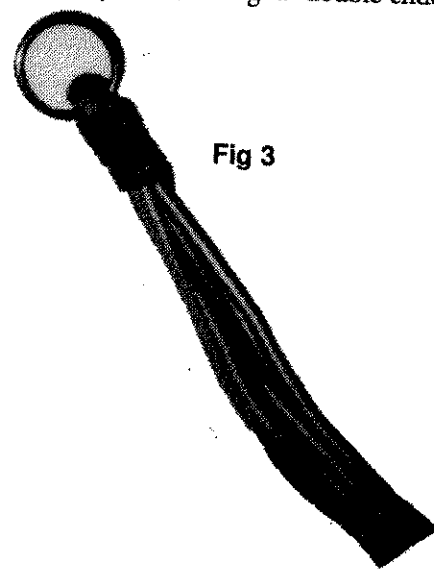


Fig 3



Lay the bent end of the 5th lace in the groove between the four sets of tails, parallel to the tail laces at the ring, with the bent end about 2" away from the ring, pointing toward the ends of the eight tails, and ends A and B pointed toward the ring. End B lies over the ring but is not passed through it.

End A is slipped through the ring from the other side and pulled down parallel to the tails. (Fig 1) Pass it between the two sets of tails at the ring, so it is parallel to the ring and emerges from the tails at a right angle to them.

Start wrapping end A tightly around the tails and its own bent end. This will be the "handle" of the mini-

flogger. Be sure to lay it down untwisted, to make a good-looking surface of the wrapping. After six or seven turns, slip end A through the original bent end of this lace, that should be sticking out from under the wrapping. (Fig 2)

With the pliers, pull end B (up at the ring) so that end A is pulled back under the wrappings, about halfway. Cut both ends A and B short where they emerge from the wrapping.

That's it! (Fig 3)

If you carry your keys in a pants pocket, let the tails hang out of the pocket so you can pull on them to get the keys. Or, using a double-ended

snap, attach it to your belt loop to keep it handy.

If you carry a purse or briefcase and your keys head to the bottom of it, you can find them in the dark by feel.

It's also a suitable and usable toy as a warmup flogger.

However, it can also be said to be *just a keychain* that you liked the look of and found to be practical, should you be challenged in a way that you wish to deny. Playing with it in your hands, ostensibly as a nervous habit will subtly call attention to it. ♦

(Spectrum is a regular contributor to *The Guardian* and has used this signal device with success.)

Hanky Panky

A Guide Through the Symbol Jungle

Historically, the gay leather community has had a "hanky code," to help identify one another as "leather" when in a more general environment. Colored bandannas are used and the back pocket is usually the place to "check out" to see what the person is into: Right pocket=bottom, Left pocket=Top. Women can flag by hanging a scarf off their belt. Other common methods of flagging include hanging keys or a pair of handcuffs on one side. More recently this coding has expanded to include other colorful objects. Why not add the "mini-flogger" to your code mode.

Worn on Left	Color	Worn on Right
Heavy S/M Top	Black	Heavy S/M Bottom
Bondage Top	Grey	Bondage Bottom
Fister	Red	Fistee
Golden Shower Top	Yellow	Golden Shower Bottom
Scat Top	Brown	Scat Bottom
Piercer	Purple	Piercee
Anal Sex, Top	Dark Blue	Anal Sex, Bottom
Wants Oral Sex	Light Blue	Expert at Oral Sex
Dildo User, Top	Light Pink	Dildo User, Bottom
Likes Drag	Lavender	In Drag
Uniform Top	Olive Drab	Uniform Bottom
Sixty-niner	Robin's Egg Blue	Sixty-niner
Genital Torturer	Teal Blue	Genital Torturee
Breast Torturer	Dark Pink	Breast Torturee
Foot Fetish Top	Coral	Shrimper
Rimmer	Beige	Rimmee
Masturbate Me	White	Will Masturbate Both
Shaver	Red/Wh. Stripes	Shavee
Star Fucker	Silver Lame	Star
Has Tattoos	Leopard	Likes Tattoos
Smokes Cigars	Tan	Likes Cigars
Cuddler	Teddy Bear	Cuddlee
Gives Oil Massages	Handywipe	Wears It Well
Rides a Motorcycle	Chamois	Likes Bikers
Outdoor Sex, Top	Mosquito Net	Outdoor Sex, Bottom
My Place OK	Toothbrush	Your Place ONLY
Anything Goes	Orange	Not Now, Thanks

(Ed. Note: For those who like the idea but do not have the time or the inclination to make their own signaler, Adam and Gillian's "Hip Whips" come in a variety of colors and leathers. See their ad on page 46 for more details.)



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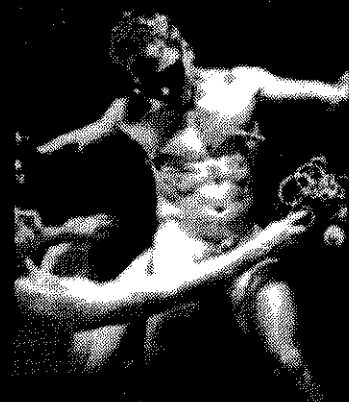
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Is Neatsfoot Oil Bad for Your Leather ?

◆ Three Opinions ◆

The Harness Shop News

347 Elk Rd. Sylva, NC 28779

No. It is not. There are no chemicals in either pure "Neat'sFoot" or neatsfoot compound that affects thread fibers or leather. Period.

Why is it then, that so many folks insist that neatsfoot oil has an adverse effect? My answer is this: many customers, folks who drive as well as those who ride, don't clean or oil their leather goods on any sort of regular basis. Dust and grime is allowed to settle in the stitch line where it slowly cuts away at the thread.

Often, the only time that something gets oiled is when it's brought in for repair. During all this time it's being used and abused, the stitches are being constantly rubbed by the dust and grime

The Pecard Leather Care Products Co.

Green Bay, WI 54302

"Neatsfoot oil" is an old preparation made by boiling the hooves and shinbones of oxen and horses, yielding a pale yellow oil. Initially used to heal the splitting of hooves, farmers eventually used it to waterproof harness and saddle leather and to increase its suppleness.

Later, thinning agents were added. Unfortunately, thinning agents, including kerosene destroy leather and stitching. The effect is not immediately visible, but the damage is severe and usually irreparable. Over time, effects include blackening of the leather, hardening of the fiber bundles, and hardening. Neatsfoot oil also causes the leather to become odorous.

For high quality leather the best rule of thumb is never use any product white or yellow in color. These products are made of tallow and will whiten or yellow leather as soon as the temperature drops -- just as bacon fat does when it cools.

Adam Selene

Adam's Sensual Whips and Gillian's Toys

I do not share Pecard's view of either tallow or petroleum distillates. Their own product is essentially triple-weight "petroleum jelly," while animal fat is the principle ingredient

in the "fat liquor" used to soften leather during tanning. While kerosene and gasoline ruin leather, almost any oil, can be used to clean and preserve it.

However, I don't much like neatsfoot oil. My main objection to it is I think it makes the leather feel a bit sticky. This may not be the worst thing in the world for baseball gloves, but a sticky oil "holds" grit, increasing abrasion.

The waxes and oils used in modern tannage evaporate very slowly, if at all. However, they can be washed away by water and broken down by heat and sunlight. Salt from sweat and the alkali saddle soap which washes it away deteriorate leather as well. To soften and lubricate the leather fibers it is necessary to replace the lost oil. After that is done, leathers which are exposed to the elements should be protected with a sealer such as wax and/or a water-repelling oil.

Modern products make leather care relatively foolproof. In fact, the greatest pitfall for the novice is the compulsion to work harder to get a better result, and put on too much dressing at a time. Frequent light treatments are much better than single oil-soakings.

These are some products I have used and found satisfactory. All but "Dr. Jackson's" can be found at any good shoe repair shop:

For purists: **Feibings 100% Neatsfoot Oil**

Lexol Leather Conditioner -- Cleans and conditions in one wipe-on, wipe-off step. Good for routine care.

Lexol Ph -- Two step non-alkaline deep-cleaning and conditioning process for abused or filthy leather.

Pecard Leather Dressing -- Preferred product for kangaroo hide bullwhips, waterproofs boots too. Much less messy than petroleum jelly

Original Mink Oil -- A creamy paste that protects and softens. A favorite of hunters and campers.

Dr. Jackson's Hide Rejuvenator -- A proprietary Tandy Company product. Softens stiff leathers like nothing else.



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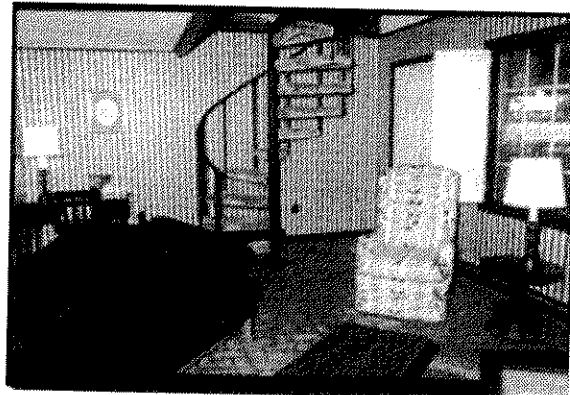
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Go directly to jail at Tokyo's ALCATRAZ B.C. restaurant

JAPAN

Pass the Slop and Gruel, Please

NOT EVERYONE IS AS LUCKY as Robert Downey Jr. Those who might never get a taste of life behind bars can dine in the slammer at ALCATRAZ B.C., a new restaurant in Tokyo's Roppongi nightclub district. Miniskirted wardens handcuff "inmates" and escort them to their cells. Waiters slide grub through a slit between bars while prisoners watch a staged escape of a convict. Once he is found, diners are asked to give him a "light beating." Graffiti

and fetters adorn the concrete walls, and toilet paper serves as napkins. Since its opening in January, the restaurant has had a nightly average of 300 customers, and willing detainees sometimes wait in line outside. Says owner Hisashi Yasuda, "It seems that people want the kind of experience they will never have in real life." If the lockup is too much, you can always spring for bail—ALCATRAZ B.C. takes credit cards.

NEWSWEEK magazine, Apr. 6, 1998

From the Australian Whipmakers Association comes this observation:

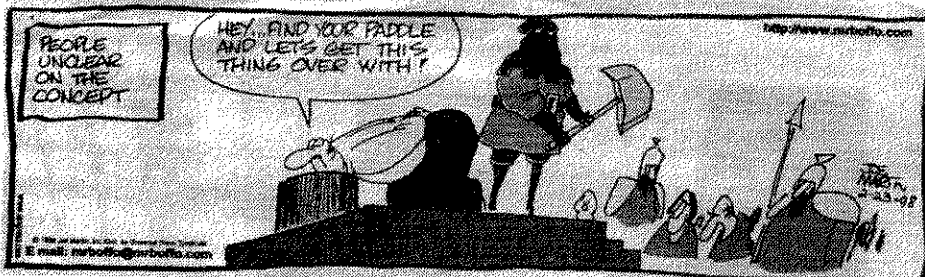
"Whipmakers are in good company. We are told in the gospels of only one thing that Jesus Christ actually made with his own hands. What was it? Of course, you guessed it. It was a WHIP. He was angry to find traders and money changers at the temple in Jerusalem, made a whip and drove them out. The details can be read in the second chapter of St. John's gospel.

"...13 And the Jews' passover was at hand, and Jesus went up to Jerusalem,

14 And, found in the temple those that sold oxen and sheep and doves, and the changers of money sitting:

15 And when he had made a scourge of small cords, he drove them all out of the temple, and the sheep and the oxen; and poured out the changers' money and overthrew the tables..."

MR. BOFFO



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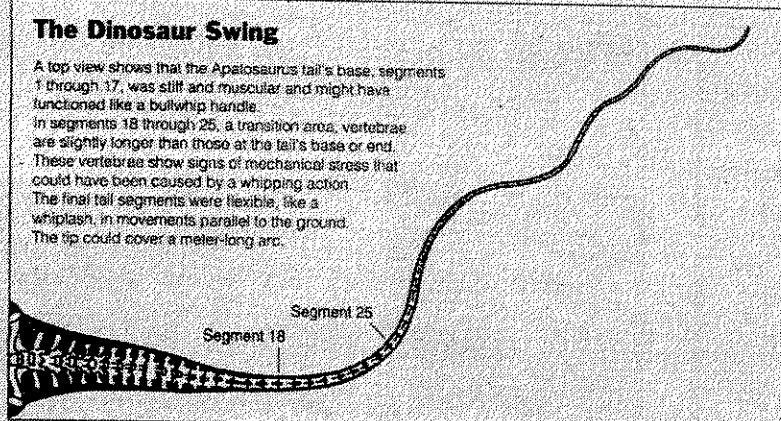
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Did Dinosaurs Use Whiplike Tails For Breaking the Sound Barrier?

The Dinosaur Swing

A top view shows that the *Apalosaurus* tail's base, segments 1 through 17, was stiff and muscular and might have functioned like a bullwhip handle. In segments 18 through 25, a transition area, vertebrae are slightly longer than those at the tail's base or end. These vertebrae show signs of mechanical stress that could have been caused by a whipping action. The final tail segments were flexible, like a whiplash, in movements parallel to the ground. The tip could cover a meter-long arc.



The New York Times. Illustration by Gregory S. Paul

Included in the recipe for an Egyptian Love Potion:

"... and spread knotted leather whips beneath her so that she consents to frenzied, whorish sex."

A&E's TV special
"Love in the Ancient World"
Jan. '98

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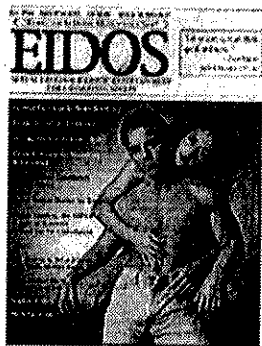
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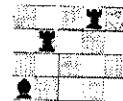
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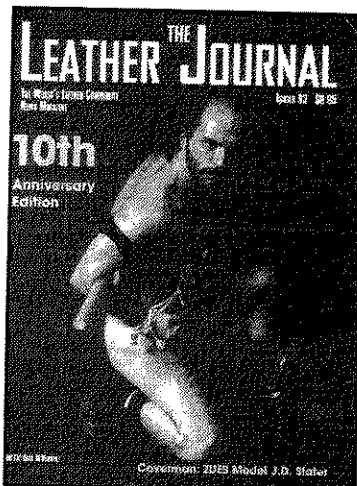
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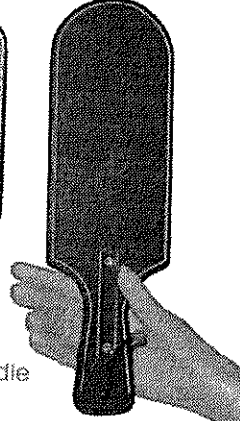
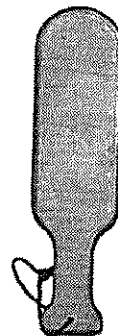
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"... but we don't take American Express!"

From Adam & Gillian's E-mail:

Dear Sir Adam:

In Germany a special whip, made out of the dried penis of an ox, was used for centuries. I have never seen that thing in the US. Do you know if anyone manufactures them here?
Herm

You are talking about a "Bull's Pizzle." The first mention I saw of these was in Aldous Huxley's dystopian novel, *Ape and Essence*. I've seen exactly one! ...eight years ago. It was a silver-handled piece the owner said he bought in Bodman's Cane Shop in London. It was about three feet long (including the handle) and about 1.5" in diameter. The texture and density was much like that white softened rawhide that Argentine stockwhip braiders like so much, and you sometimes find as the fall on North American braided bullwhips. Except for the aroma, its effect was not unlike being beaten with a large pepperoni sausage! Being stiffer, the sausage would be easier to control.

However, since then I have not been able to find so much as a mailing address for Bodman's nor have I seen another example of the whip. If you happen to come on a source for Bull's Pizzles, please let me know. Although it's never become a high priority, I have wanted to add them to our product line since I first saw one.

Sir,

Have looked at your products and can see several items that fit my needs for general use, but a question: I am looking for a whip that is suitable for self-administered floggings with a size

that would be good for over the shoulder hits. On the heavy end of things and would desire one that definitely causes damage...cuts, welts, etc. Of your products, which would you suggest for such.

Many thanks.

Bill

The first item that comes to mind is the **Flagellarium™**. It is modeled on the old Roman and ecclesiastic implement and with its longer handle (in wood) and longer tresses, (overall length is 36-40", your choice) it is well-suited to your purpose. It is \$85. and you might want to consider adding the knots for added effect. They are an additional \$20. (plus shipping)

If you prefer our **Signature** handle, we could do a special version of **Bambi's Skinni Friend™** — same dimensions as the **Flagellarium™** and with a more "serious" leather than deer — the price would be the same. You can specify the color(s) for the handle.

Dear Adam and Gillian,

We adore the **Instant Release™** cutter! Mike tried it out, just to see how well it works and it did the job very very well. Thanks. It is nice to have a tool that works, is easy to hold, easy to carry and is safe. Mike was about to get his brother to send him some Medic's scissors when we saw this. Now we can save our money to put toward some other toy.

So once again we owe our thanks to you for another great addition to our toy bag.

Suze and Mike (S and M)

We recently watched a friend cut his partner out of her tight, knit dress while she was suspended on a spreader bar. Very hot! And very

successful, too. The **Instant Release™** is a very versatile tool to have — at home or away.

Sir,

i have seen an interesting pair of nipple clamps in a video. They had magnetic weights that came with them. i think there were about 5 weights for each clamp... of course more would be better...

Do you carry this item or know where i can acquire them?

lucy

The beauty of magnet weights, is that it is so easy to add weight without a lot of fuss and bother, and without removing the clamps.

I've seen a number of configurations but none were from a commercial source — they were made by the people who used them.

If there is no local source for magnets, **Edmund Scientific Supply Co.** carries a wide selection. They even have ring-shaped magnets in colors! Their phone number is 1-609-547-8880 8am-8pm ET Mon-Fri, until 4PM Sat.

If there were sufficient interest, I could see us going into production for the BDSM toy market. ❖

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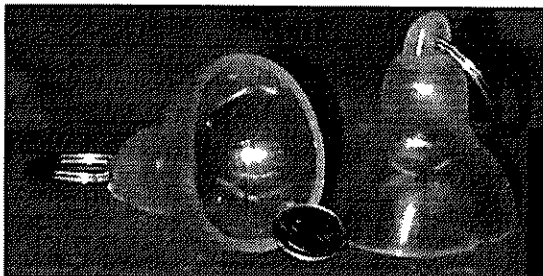


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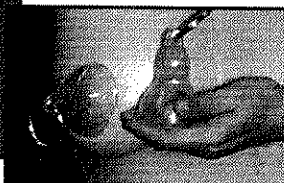
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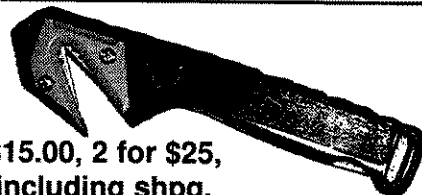
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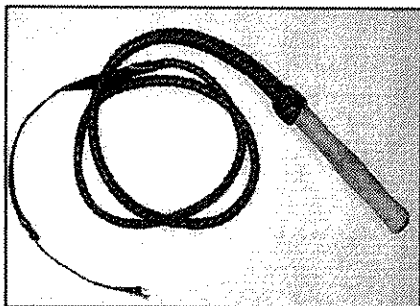


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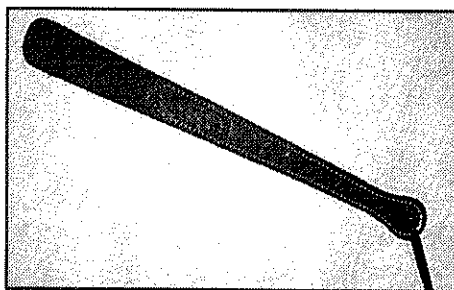
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"... but we don't take American Express!"

IMHO - The Gift

dominance. The submissive gives her/his submission.

The two feed off each other, making each stronger and more meaningful over time. Two pieces of the same puzzle, drawn together by some invisible force that allows each half to be in their natural state, and allows the other half the opportunity to be in theirs.

That's all there is to it.

I worry about submissives that hold their gift in their lap, saving it for a perfect Dominant. I worry about them because as long as they keep thinking of their chosen lifestyle as a gift, they're going to continue to sit there with it — alone. I don't know about anyone

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else, but the last thing I want kneeling in front of me is a submissive who thinks that he or she is doing me some great favor by being there for me to dominate. I don't need favors. I need a strong, proud submissive. Someone who looks to me as I look to them for making an intimate connection into this lifestyle we have chosen.

Now, don't get me wrong. I'm not saying that submission should not be cherished. What I'm trying to say is that it should be just as cherished as Dominance. I mean, come on. What good does your submission do you if you keep it all to yourself, and don't share it with a Dominant?

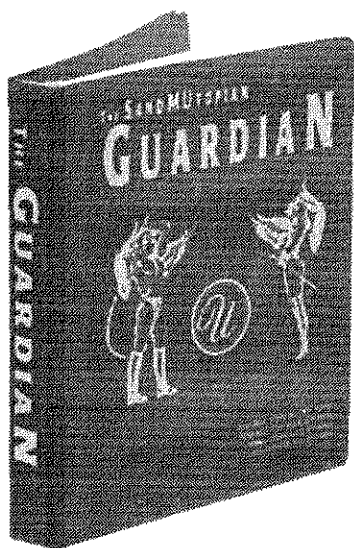
And the reverse is true as well. It's a reciprocation — nothing more, nothing less.

I'm not about to put myself on a pedestal and proclaim that, "I am a submissive," and should be treated with the utmost respect and love because I submit. I'm not going to elevate myself to a level that makes me seem better or more holy. Why? Because I'm not. I'm doing exactly what I want to be doing, and with whom I want to be doing it.

And I can give as well as I get. So if you're not doing something that "does" it for you in the long run, you're doing the wrong damn thing.

I give that gift to *myself*! ♦

(Jill Kneer, aka The Screamer, is the submissive of Lord Ruhl. Your comments can be sent to her here at The Guardian.)



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The Imagined Gift

by Jill Kneer

I'm not going to say I've always been into BDSM. I will, however, say that my earliest fantasies would lead me to believe I knew along that this was the kind of lifestyle I wanted. I can remember being about seven or eight, and shutting myself into my closet. I would pretend I was the kidnapped princess, and that the thieves who had captured me wanted me to do all sorts of "things" with them. Now, at seven or eight, I didn't know what things they meant, but I certainly knew what part of my body they were going to do them to! I would spend *hours* in that closet.

I think that's when my parents started to worry.

Now, at the ripe old age of 33, here I am. I am a submissive with a wonderful Dominant. I am a Top, beginning explorations of Dominating others. I am a step-mother, a computer geek, a great cook, and a house cleaner for four. In addition, I run a BDSM website, write fiction and non-fiction, and spend a great deal of time sending and answering email.

My submission is not a gift to anyone but myself.

When you bloom and blossom in the on-line community, (as opposed to those who discover BDSM *before* they got a computer) as I did, you begin with very certain beliefs. You start out thinking that when you submit to a Dominant, you're giving him or her some great gift, and for that you should be cherished, loved and held above any other life form on the planet. You

want him or her to use you to satiate his or her desires, but you want them to do so in such a manner that elevates your status. You want to be owned by someone who appreciates this gift of submission you offer them. Right?

HA!

I've been arguing this theory in the online community for years. It does me no good. People are going to see it as they wish to see it. The

Relationships that last are "giving" relationships.

plain simple fact of the matter is: If a submissive is allowing the Dominant to do things to/for/with her, she obviously wants to do them as well, correct? Maybe not in a literal way, but in an emotional way.

I know that when I take a hand spanking from Mark, I am most certainly *not* enjoying the pain from it. I hate hand spankings! They hurt! I can't eroticize that one little iota. However, I continue to take them, and after the pain is over, I'm happy that I did. Why?

Did I give him a gift of submission? Did I take it out of pure selfishness?

No.

I did it because he likes it, and because giving your partner something he or she likes, even when you don't, is part of any healthy relationship. I do get something out of

it, though. I get the pleasure of pleasing him. I get the happiness I feel when I look at him when it's over, and I see the pride and love in his eyes for me. I get to make him happy.

If it's a gift for either of us, it's for both of us.

Mark doesn't always like romantic movies. But he'll watch them sometimes, with — and for—me. Is that a gift? No. Because usually when it's over, he turns on something with Steven Segall in it, and we watch that together.

That's an exchange.

Not a gift.

Okay, maybe a gift exchange.

I think all this talk about "the gift of submission" irks me the way that it does, because it goes against what I feel is the nature of submission. It makes it appear as if the Dominant *owes* you something; as if you're doing something without any thought to your own needs, wishes, and desires.

That's not true.

You wouldn't be a submissive if you didn't want to be one. You're doing what feels good and natural to you. You're not making any sacrifices that you didn't sign on to make. And you're not doing anything different than our mothers and fathers did before us. You're giving something to get something in return.

Relationships that last are giving relationships. This is true in the vanilla as well as the kink communities. Your mother liked tear-jerkier movies; your father liked westerns. I'm imagining that if they survived the curve and have stayed married all these years, it's because they did a lot of compromising and giving to each other.

BDSM is no different.

The Dominant gives his/her

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Writer's Guidelines -- for *THE SANDMUTOPIAN GUARDIAN*

a Journal of BDSM Realities

The *Guardian* is first and foremost a practical guide to safe and enjoyable exotic eroticism. Think of it as a combination of the *Popular Mechanics*™ and *Consumer's Digest*™ of kinky sex. Our ambition is to become the independent "Journal of Record" of BDSM. Our readership includes people of all sexual orientations, gender identities and power polarities. While readers' experience levels range from "just thinking about it," to "lifestyle devotee," we want to be especially mindful of, and useful to, the *less* experienced reader.

The Guardian is not following anyone's Party Line nor is it aligned with any particular demographic sub-grouping. We will NOT REFUSE a piece because of the "political" point of view it reflects or (to the limit of Statutory Libel) because "someone" will "be offended."

We take the broadest possible view of what constitutes appropriate material

- *EQUIPMENT *LEGAL and SOCIAL ISSUES
- *RELATIONSHIPS *ROLES *SCENARIOS,
- *TECHNIQUES *CRAFTS and SKILLS
- *HEALTH and SAFETY CONCERNS*

Almost anything touching on BDSM, Fetish, Power Exchange, might be a successful article. We also buy "filler" pieces: humorous anecdotes, tips and hints, cartoons, etc..

Work can be submitted typewritten, or as an ASCII file in PC or MAC format.

Payment: We pay — not lavishly, but respectably. Please contact us for particulars, including special situations, including illustrations, and reprints. Contributors get a copy of the magazine in which their article appears.

We buy one-time serial rights with a one-time reprint provision. Payment is on acceptance, and we try to respond to all submissions within 60 days. SASE required for return.

Style and Content: Factual material, organized sequentially is the first concern, "style" is a bonus. Remember the "5 W's" of Journalism: Who, What, Where, When, and hoW — the "How to Write a Good Term Paper" handbooks? That's the idea.

Citations are Good. If you reference a product or publication, there should be an address and/or phone number, too. Appended Resource Lists are always welcome.

It is probably better to put too many words on paper, than to skip over "the obvious." Clarifying illustration, even crude hand drawings, is always useful.

About "PC Language": Writers needn't feel that they have to obscure their own orientations, alignments or biases — and gender specific pronouns *are* used when a specific person's gender is known, or gender is relevant. Otherwise, we like a style which de-emphasizes gender, polarity, and orientation. We have no problem with the "he/she, her/him" style used in Government documents, the "false plural" form or even the made up pronouns like "(s)he" and "co." Please be mindful that 1/2 of Humanity is *not* Male and at least 10% of it is *not* heterosexual. Try for inclusiveness.

About "Safety" : We assume that our readers are adults and that we, and they, reached maturity by not being "stupid or reckless." *The Guardian* focuses on the pleasure and sensual nature of BDSM and *less* on the dangers, perils and negatives of BDSM play. If there are some safety or health issues not readily apparent, they may need to be included. But we will not belabor the obvious.

DEADLINES:

The next issue is #30 and will be a special issue in honor of *The Guardian's 10th Anniversary*. Please let us know ASAP if you intend to write for this issue which will deadline in late June.

If you miss the deadline, we will still be buying and paying as we go. In effect, we've got to worry about deadlines ... you can just work to your own schedule.

ARTWORK AND PHOTOGRAPHY

Artists and illustrators are invited to send samples of their work by way of self-introduction. Almost all illustration will be commissioned for particular articles. Possible cover art, centerfold photo-essays and folios will be considered on their own merits. We want to project enjoyment, respect, safe-and-sane practice, and consensuality — or at least *not* communicate the reverse.

We are *not* in the market for "eye candy," rigid bondage/genitorture studies or depictions of atrocities. Work can be submitted in MAC or WINDOWS disk formats. If photographs are accepted, we may ask to use the negative for proper reproduction — and, of course, Model Releases in keeping with the new law.